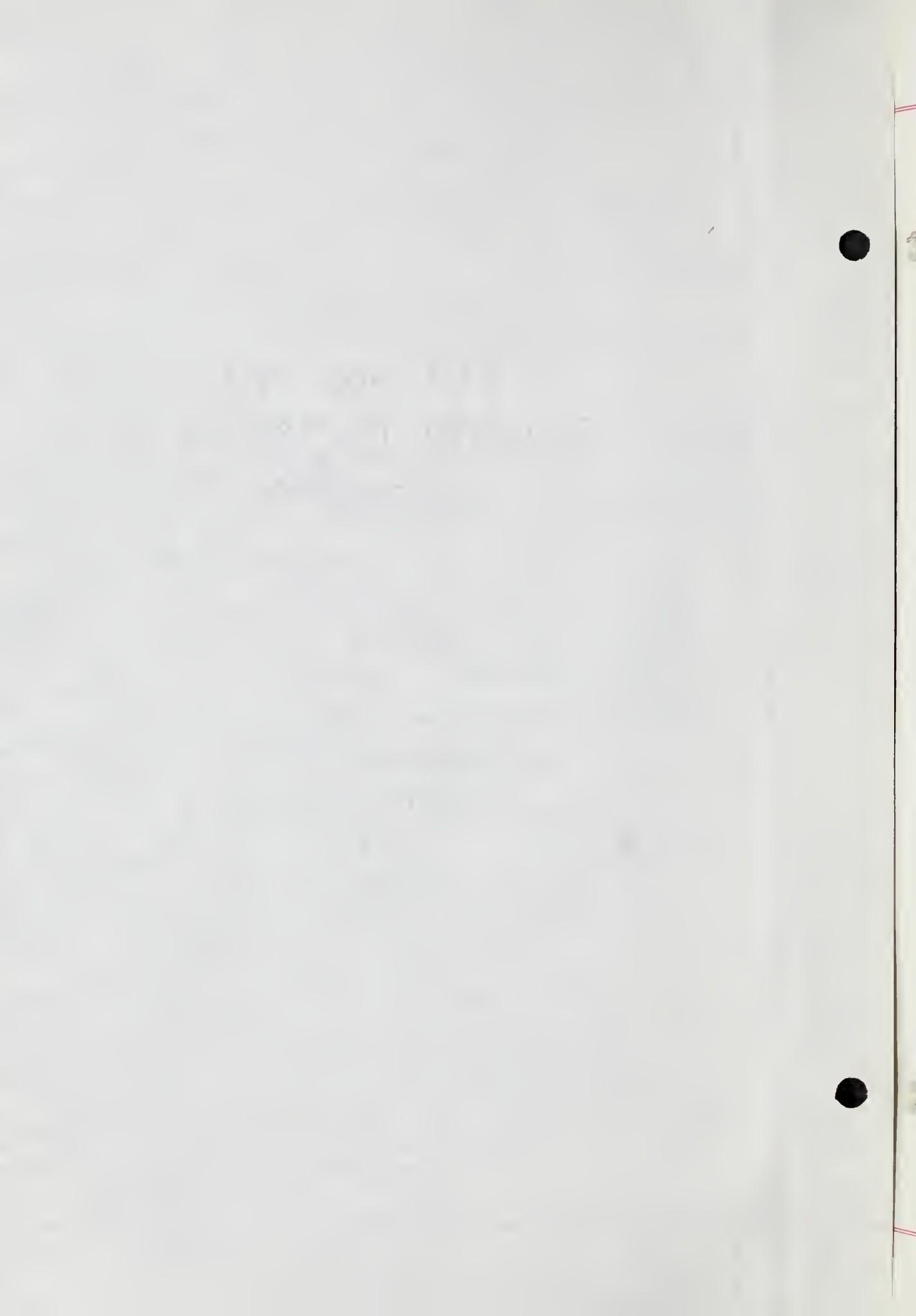


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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL
Thesis
THE INDIAN IN EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE
by
Ruth Arline Carney
(A.B., Boston University, 1940)
submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of
MASTER of ARTS
1941



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INTRODUCTION

In making my study of the Indian in American literature my purpose has been to try to discover the manner in which the various writers have treated the Indian as a literary subject. From this treatment I have tried to picture the Indian as he has evolved from the state of a ruthless and daring savage, invested with cunning and vengeance, to that of a noble creature ruled by high ideals. I have limited my study to a definite scope beginning with the Indian's first appearance in American Literature in John Smith's account of Pocahontas, and ending with the works of James Fenimore Cooper. I was influenced to select such a scope by the fact that the Indian, having been a dominant figure in early American life, must of necessity, have been a dominant figure in early American Literature and it was here I could best study him. I selected Cooper as the final step of my study for it is in his works that the Indian finally achieves the highest level of nobility.

I have traced the development of the Red Man from an innocent harmless creature, to a defiant savage changed by outer forces, and then to a final, noble but pathetic figure of a noble but pathetic race. The development was a fluctuating process and an interesting one.

The methods that I have used seem simple enough but have proved to be at the same time very complex. I have studied each author separately--first his literature which deals with the American Indian in detail, and then the author's own life and characteristics, and the trends of the times in which he lived, in order to understand the attitude which he takes toward the American Indian. After I had completed each individual study, I attempted to link my findings with my theme, the development of the Indian from the savage to the noble state.

My results follow, a summary of the ideas and conceptions early American writers had concerning that definitely real American, the Indian.

CHAPTER I

POCAHONTAS

The Indian has stalked across the pages of American Literature, a stalwart figure of a great race, since the first of our writers began to record the history, legends, and happenings of a growing nation. It is fitting and proper, and not without significance, that American Literature had its beginning, as did the American nation, in the tiny struggling Jamestown colony, and that the first characters to appear on the threshold of our literature were those who appeared on the very thresholds of the colonists themselves--the Indians.

It was a struggling colony, the Jamestown colony, sent from England by the Virginia Company of London, and was governed by a council, one member of which was the famous Captain John Smith with whose name is linked that of the romantic dusky maiden, Pocahontas. The stirring account of her dramatic rescue of the great leader, was recorded by the Captain himself, fourteen years after the incident occurred and is, with other of the Captain's works, the first of our American literary contributions.

Captain John Smith was a typical Elizabethan soldier of fortune, free and adventurous, versatile and spontaneous, enthusiastic and emotional. His importance is based on the fact that he contributed to history his accounts of the early settlements on the American coast; and that he contributed to literature his account of the romantic legend of Pocahontas which furnished material for later romances, dramas, and poems, and has served as an inspiration to many of our American artists.

Smith was the one man among the settlers of Jamestown with genius equal to the enterprise. He directed the building of the palisades, explored the surrounding country, traded with the Indians, and aided by Pocahontas, a constant friend of the settlers, kept starvation from the doors of the colonists. Picturesque accounts of the happenings in and about the colony were recorded by the Captain in a forcible and vigorous manner, and though he magnified to some extent his own exploits, for he dearly loved the center of the stage, yet in the absence of other testimony, we must accept his statements as being fairly accurate records of the first permanent settlement in America.

Smith is credited with having laid the cornerstone of American Literature with his first book, True Relation

of the Founding of the Colony of Jamestown, dated 1608. The simple style of the short selection reveals him as a vivid and straightforward writer tending somewhat toward self-dramatization. It was first sent to England in the form of a letter which gave accounts of life in Jamestown. Smith describes the arrival of the settlers, the general appearance and customs of the Indians, the settlement itself, expeditions and explorations, and many stirring incidents such as his procuring corn from the Indians to save the colonists from starving, and the first formidable Indian attack upon their village. The letter also included an account of his captivity by the Indians, in which he mentions the friendliness of Powhatan, the great Indian chief; nothing indicates that his life was in danger at any time during his period of captivity; no mention is made of his dramatic rescue by the Indian maid, Pocahontas, which incident according to his later records, happened in the first months of the settlement.

A summary of the account tells us that Smith, accompanied by one Indian guide had ventured deep into the forest on an exploring expedition. Without warning, he was assaulted by a group of savages numbering two hundred and carried off as prisoner. However, he was treated with kindness and consideration, and a few days later was delivered to the Red

Chief, Powhatan. Tribal life and activities are vividly portrayed by Captain Smith who remained with the Indians for some time even after he had been promised his liberty, conversing with the chiefs of the tribe. His trip back to the colony was described in great detail. The only mention of the maiden, Pocahontas, comes late in the narrative, where we learn of her as "a child of tenne yeares old: which, not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceedeth any of the rest of his people: but for wit and spirit, (is) the only Nonpariel of his Country."¹ Then follow more accounts of the Indians, the tale ending with Captain Nelson's preparations for his return trip to England. The very fact that the dramatic and colorful incident of the dusky maiden and the stalwart colonial leader has no mention in the first recordings of the colony gives credence to the idea that the affair was more legendary than historic.

Smith's Map of Virginia, another of his contributions, contains naturally, a map of Virginia, and further descriptions of American scenes including a report of Indian characteristics and an interesting word picture of Powhatan, the chief. Moses C. Tyler describes Smith: "He had the faults of an impulsive, irascible, egotistic, and imaginative nature; he sometimes bought human praise at too high

¹ Edward Arber, Editor--John Smith's Works--True Relation
--38

a price; but he had great abilities in word and deed; his nature was upon the whole generous and noble; and during the first two decades of the seventeenth century he did more than any other Englishman to make an American nation and an American literature possible."¹

The story of Pocahontas, be it legendary or historic, centering as it does on the age-old theme of man and maid and that force which makes the world go round, will be an ever-powerful and ever-present point of interest to all readers and students of American Literature. That the setting of the incident is the tribe of the Red Man, with its tepees scattered here and there, its alternately slow and rapid rhythmic Indian melodies, and its strange and hideously painted warriors stalking about, but makes the tale the more fascinating. That Captain John Smith is both hero of the incident and author of the account describing it in detail, but makes the study of it the more interesting.

The first mention we get of the famous rescue is in a letter to the queen written by Smith in 1616 and in his General History of Virginia. With much detail, bordering on the dramatic, he tells how he was seized by the savages while on an exploring expedition, his companions slain, and himself taken prisoner. When he demanded an audience with

1 Moses C. Tyler--The History of American Literature--38

their chief, they brought him to Opeckankenough, King of Pamaunkee, to whom he gave an ivory double compass dial to conciliate the Indians. "When he demonstrated by that Globe-like Iewall, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration.

"Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him; but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their ¹ manner kindly feasted and well used."

He was conducted to their camp where for three days there was much feasting and dancing. After several ceremonies, the meaning of which, they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no, he was brought to Meronocomoco, "where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courties stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put

¹ Edward Arber, Editor--John Smith's Works--General History of Virginia--396

themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

"At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towill, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to saue him from death: wherat the Emperour was contented he whould liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper: for they thought him aswell of all occupations as themselues. For the King himselfe will make his

owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe
anything so well as the rest."¹

Such was the famed rescue of John Smith by the Indian maid, Pocahontas. Such was the romantic incident, if legendary as some authorities insist, which has formed the theme of so many legends and romances.

Smith's account goes on to say that after a few days, he was restored to liberty and sent back to Jamestown under an escort of twelve savages. The complete account does not differ a great deal from the account in True Relation. However, nothing is said in the first account of Powhatan's hostile attitude and Pocahontas' rescue which fact has caused several authorities to doubt the truth of the statements. Smith has laid himself open to such doubt, too, for in the earlier account his escort numbered four which was increased to twelve in the latter account. Of course, faulty memory may be responsible.

Smith tells how he continued his explorations and trade assisted by the maid Pocahontas, who seems to have determined not to lose sight of the hero she had saved and to have come constantly to Jamestown with supplies of corn for him and his people. He mentions the great influence she had over her father and her untiring efforts to keep the colony in pro-

¹ Edward Arber, Editor--John Smith's Works--General History of Virginia--400

visions. Pocahontas proved to be a fast friend and she saved the English more than once. She helped them out, supplied their wants, and often warned them of plots. She was a lovely character---her father's dearest daughter, the idol of the tribe, and a friend to Smith, demanding and accepting the admiration of the English.

Smith returned to England in 1609 and with his departure from Virginia, all the evils he had suppressed with a strong hand cropped up anew. The Indians, roused to fury by raids and oppression, became very hostile. Pocahontas refused to visit Jamestown during this time, but she showed kindness to all English people who fell under her father's hands.

Thus we have seen Pocahontas in various roles---as a headstrong child of twelve, interposing herself between Smith and the executioner; as an ambassadress for her father in an effort to bring about peace pacts and to restore captive Indians; as an angel of mercy, warning Smith and the colonists; as a harbinger of peace between the Indians and the white men. Smith introduces her as his saviour. "At the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her owne father that I was safely conducted to ¹ Jamestowne."

In 1612 Pocahontas was lured aboard ship and held prisoner by one Captain Argall. Later she was induced to marry Master John Rolfe, an Englishman, thereby bringing about a lasting peace between the Indians and the white men. She was converted to Christianity and in 1616 went to England with her husband where she was highly entertained. She died there in 1617 just as she was about to embark on her return to her native country.

For two hundred years Smith's account went on unchallenged; no one discredited it. In 1860 Mr. Charles Deane of Massachusetts edited for the American Antiquarian Society of which he was a member, A Discourse of Virginia, the author of which was Edward M. Wingfield, the first president of the Jamestown Colony. Deane was the first one to doubt the Pocahontas rescue and in 1866 attacked the veracity of Smith's account. A deluge of assaults followed. Deane's arguments were based on the fact that Smith from 1607 to 1609 wrote accounts and history of the colony, never mentioning the rescue until 1622 when there is an allusion to it in New England Trials. In 1624 he wrote his General History of Virginia in which he gave the full details. Deane charged that because Pocahontas became so prominent in 1616 Smith invented the story so that he could be in the limelight.

In 1867 Mr. Henry Adams wrote an elaborate article on

the veracity of the account in the January number of the North American Review. In 1869 Reverend Edward Neill in his History of Virginia Company of London destroyed the character of Smith, Pocahontas, and John Rolfe. William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay in their History of America in 1867 attacked it, too. Others followed and there now exists a school that sneer at the veracity of Smith.

Another school of critics, however, come to Smith's defense. They claim that Smith did not write anything that would discourage other people. He used his works as propaganda to lure others to this new land of promise and adventure. Furthermore, his letter was published without his knowledge or permission and the publisher, therefore, printed only those parts that should be given to the public. The first president of the colony, Wingfield, was Smith's bitter enemy and naturally he would not adhere to Smith's story.

Smith's own contemporaries made no attempts to discredit the account. George Percy, a member of the original settlers, attempted to pick Smith's works apart and discredit them a year after Smith published his General History. Surely, if Smith had kept this story to himself, Percy could have used this evidence.

Probably this question will never be answered. It surely wasn't improbable, for a study of Indian life and

customs reveals that many an Indian maid, a victim perhaps of desires and impulses common to every full-blooded lass, regardless of color, race, or creed, time and again saved the life of a stalwart white captive who perchance had sent a gay, reckless glance in her direction. Such events were common occurrences in tribes of the Red Men. In Pocahontas and her brave Captain John Smith live the spirits of those indomitable dusky maids and the white men their souls reached out to save. In their story lives and breathes the spirit of Romance made ever more enticing by a background of Indian life and traditions intermingled with the carefree, adventurous spirit of the early white leaders. For this reason alone, it will live forever.

CHAPTER II

THE SAVAGE

As we leave the Jamestown colony and look northward to the New England colonies, the Indian is, of course, again foremost among the characters of American literature, but he is a strikingly different figure. Due perhaps to the romance of Pocahontas, the southern Indian on the whole seems friendly and agreeable, reflecting to a certain extent the spirit of a people who had come to a New Land seeking adventure and wealth with not too many thoughts of permanent settlement or the possibility of depriving the Red Man of something to which he had first and rightful claim.

The northern Indian, on the other hand, as seen through the eyes of the early New England writers was, with a few exceptions definitely worthy of the name "savage", a cruel fiend, bent on torture and destruction, dealing death at every hand. But he was contending with an entirely different type of people, a people who had come to wrest from him his homelands and his hunting grounds to both of which he had natural and prior claim. Might not this, then have been the primary cause of his developing into such a demon?

But before we turn to New England, there should be made some mention of other writers in the southern colonies who followed John Smith. Their accounts of the Indian are merely included in histories of the colonies. George Percy's Discourse of the Plantations of the Southern Colony in Virginia by the English gives a history of the colony; describes the beauty and fertility of Virginia; and the deeper gloom; the miseries of the first summer, homesickness, starvation, sickness, and Indian hostility.

Alexander Whitaker lived in Virginia and served as a missionary for Christ, "the pure and beautiful light of his message going with him everywhere, across plantation and through wilderness, into the colonist's hut and the wigwam of the savage."¹ In his Good News from Virginia in 1616, he pictures the land, its climate, and its Indians. He was very sympathetic toward the native. "Let the miserable conditions of these naked slaves of the devil move you to a compassion toward them. They acknowledge there is a God but know him not; . . . wherefore they serve the devil for fear, after a most base manner. . . . They live naked in body, as if the shame of their sin deserved no covering. . . . They esteem it a virtue to lie, deceive, and steal, as their master teacheth them.²" Whitaker's object was to convince

¹ Moses C. Tyler--History of American Literature--46
² Ibid--47

the English people that the Indians were real.

John Pory, during his residence in Virginia, made at least three trips of exploration among the Indians. As a result, he left a very lively account of them. This account is extremely witty and has a certain sparkle.

The only apparent intention on the part of these few Virginia writers was to depict the manners and customs of the Indians and as we turn to examine the early New England writers, we find that they, too, emphasized the strange customs typical of the Red Man. It is only in these first recordings that the Indian appears harmless and helpful, without malice or thought of vengeance. William Bradford, as governor of the Plymouth colony, maintained peaceful relations among the Indians. In his Plymouth Plantation he gives a rather detailed account of the coming of Samoset who brought Massasoit, the great Sachem, before the Pilgrims, and Squanto, a well-educated Indian, to bring about peace terms. Squanto continued to live in the colony and served as their interpreter, "and was a spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation. He directed them how to set their corne, where to take fish, and to procure other comodities, and was also their pilott to bring them to unknowne places for their profit, and never

left them till he dyed."¹

Thus when the colonists first came to this land, they were homeless and helpless. The great Massasoit, ruler of a large part of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut gave them aid when their provisions were gone. They would have perished if the noble Red Man had not helped. His reward was the great deception and neglect of the colonists.

Thomas Morton in his New English Canaan gives us accounts of the Indian's tepees, and clothes of skins of beasts; he shows, too, that even though they were uncivilized, they treated the aged with great respect.

As we dig further into the early writings, we find evidence which helps us to understand why the Indian became a veritable painted devil. The Indians, as original owners and masters of this country had a profound belief that the land had been given to them by the all-powerful Great Spirit. As a result, they had exclusive right to the land of which no one could deprive them. Naturally, when they saw the English people increasing both in number and power, when they discovered their game was being taken from them by another people, when they realized that they were being forced to abandon their happy hunting ground and the land

1 William T. Davis, Editor--Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation--111

in which they had buried their dead, when they saw the cruelty and injustice practiced on them by some of the English, they followed their natural impulse to seek vengeance. Every Indian was reared in the firm belief that vengeance was a good virtue. Any injury that befell one of them or his relatives, or his tribe, was to be avenged on the offender. With such beliefs fostered by acts of deception and trickery on the part of the colonists, the Indian slowly learned to hate the white men, and ambuscades, assaults, and massacres followed one another in quick succession.

Even Daniel Gookin, considered the protector of the Indians in New England, mentions the Indian's inherent desire for vengeance. They would take vengeance upon any who had injured them or their kindred even if the injury had occurred years before. "If any murther, or other great wrong upon any of their relations or kindred be committed, all of that stock and consanguinity look upon themselves concerned to revenge that wrong, or murther, unless the business be taken up by the payment of wompompeague, or other satisfaction, which their custom admits, to satisfy for all wrongs, yea for life itself."¹

However, in his Historical Collections of the Indians

1 Daniel Gookin--Historical Collections of the Indians--149

we also find interesting accounts of Indian life. He classified the men as idle because they spent their time hunting, fishing, or fighting. Typical of all savage tribes the little planting that was done was carried on by the women. The tribe went through many removals (which were necessitated by changes of fishing and hunting grounds) the women doing all the work. Gookin commented on their wigwams; their food which consisted primarily of maize or Indian corn, fish, flesh, and roots. They had little household stuff; wooden dishes, baskets and mats, and a few pots. Their clothing consisted of the skins of beasts. They believed in one great supreme doer of Good and another of Evil. They had more dread and fear for the god of Evil than they had love and honour for the god of Good. Gookin commented further on their custome. One custom was to take many wives any one of which could be easily put away for displeasure and disaffection.

Though known as the protector of the Red Man, Gookin was not blind to their faults and readily acknowledged that they were great liars and inveterate thieves. He describes at length their weakness for strong liquors and the outrages and bloody doings to which they were driven after consuming quantities of the firewater. He condemns the white man, the Dutch, English, French, and Spanish who gave them their first

taste of the liquor and urged them on to consumption in such quantities it eventually caused the destruction of a once great nation.

Indian hostility was fostered thus in many ways, the seed being more firmly implanted with passing years. Massasoit's treaty with the Indians lasted until 1675 and up to that time no definite acts of hostility were carried on. But the country between the Narrangansetts and Mohegans was occupied by the Pequots, who were grateful for any kindness, yet were quick to take offense. They were the most formidable of all New England tribes and were attempting to establish supremacy over their Algonquin neighbors. It was natural that the planting of villages by the white men on the banks of the Connecticut should rouse their anger. They, too, were very revengeful and never forgot an offense or any injury. For a while however, there were friendly interchanges and intervals of peaceful living. The settlers had to be ever watchful. But the Pequots began to realize that they would eventually be driven from their own land. They were fearful for the future of their people, and this fear led to enmity and war. It is indeed sad that the Indians could not have left some records of their treatment by the whites. It was not long before outrages were committed on both sides. The Indians

swept down on the English and carried them off. They were scorched to death with firebrands or gashed and maimed. These were the Indians' artistic methods. They were brutish and barbarous. Examples of their cruelty can be seen in the following accounts.

"Joseph Tilly, a master of a small vessel, was captivated by the enemy as he was going down Connecticut River. He came to anchor two or three miles above the fort, and taking a canoe and one man with him, went a fowling. No sooner had he discharged his piece, than a large number of Pequots arising from their concealment, took him, and killed his companion. Tilly was a man of great spirit and understanding, and determined to show himself a man. The Indians used him in the most barbarous manner, first cutting off his hands, and then his feet, and so gradually torturing him to death. But as all their cruelties could not extort a groan, they pronounced him a stout man. . . .

"Some time after, the enemy, in a number of canoes, beset a shallop, which was going down the river with three men on board. The men fought bravely, but were overpowered by numbers. One was shot through the head with an arrow, and fell overboard; the other two were taken. The Indians ripped them up, the whole length of their bodies, and cleft them

down their backs; they then hung them up by their necks upon trees, by the side of the river, that as the English passed by, they might see these miserable objects of their vengeance.

"The Pequots tortured the captives to death in the most cruel manner. In some, they cut large gashes in the flesh, and then poured embers and live coals into the wound. When, in their distress, they groaned, and in a pious manner committed their departing spirits to their Redeemer, these barbarians would mock and insult them, in their dying agonies and prayers."¹

There was no alternative for the colonists. They simply omitted the question as to their right to the land and conducted a fight to save the lives of their families. In order to teach the Red Men a lesson, they carried on the war against the Pequots.

The Connecticut men, ninety in number, aided by a few Indian allies and under the leadership of two brave and courageous captains, John Mason and John Underhill, proceeded against the Pequots. Mason himself, was instrumental in originating the expedition. He worked out the plans and followed them out. He fought its battles and when it was over he wrote a vivid and lasting account of the war. In his

1 Rev. Henry White--The Early History of New England--61,62

History of American Literature, Tyler says of Mason's account, "a plain but vigorous narrative of a very plain and very vigorous campaign." "Mason became renowned as an Indian fighter, and he stood forth a buckler of defense to the exposed colonies, but a trembling and a terror to the wild people of the ¹wilderness."

Mason's first expedition was the destruction of Mystic Fort held by the Indians. His second expedition overthrew the Pequot power and it was followed by a pursuit of the Pequots westward along the shore of the Sound. On a moonlight night in May 1637, this brave group of Connecticut men surprised the Indian village, carried it by storm, destroyed it by fire, and slew all of its six hundred to seven hundred inhabitants with the exception of about seven who escaped.

The Red Men had never experienced anything like this before. Here a whole tribe had been wiped out by small number of whites. They were indeed perplexed and a whole generation passed before they resumed actions against the whites again.

It seems strange that these white folk should adopt the barbarous methods of the Indians. It is generally believed that the settlers looked upon the Indians as children of Satan. They felt that when the Indians were overcome in

1 Louis Mason--The Life and Times of Major John Mason--viii

battle Satan was losing some of his power. They used to sing hymns during the execution of the unfortunate redskins. The sooner the Indians were put out, the better, for then Satan's hold on them would be diminished. They felt, "that Satan, the great enemy and opposer of men's salvation, who had for many years held these poor barbarians under his dominion, did use all his stratagems and endeavors to impede the spreading of the Christian faith, that he might the better keep possession of his kingdom among them."¹

During the years 1637-75 the new settlements were entirely unmolested by the Red Man. The annihilation of the Pequots had taught them a lesson. John Eliot at this time was a famous apostle to the Indians. His objective was to convert the Indian, and this was the objective of many of the Puritans. In 1644, he preached his first sermon in the Indian tongue. He spent his whole life laboring for the Indians. He felt that they shouldn't remain in their savage state.

But the steady encroachment of the English upon the forests and hunting-grounds of the Indians continued; the English set up a kind of protectorate over the Red Men to prevent wars between the tribes and the Indians resented

1 Daniel Gookin--Historical Collections of the Indians--174

this; the Puritans attempted to convert the Red Man and these intentions were resented and misunderstood. King Philip saw the ultimate destruction of his people and he resolved to depart from the policy of his father, Massasoit, and to turn upon the colonists. Rumors of the war preceded the outbreak for many years. It finally began in June 1675 at Swansey, Plymouth Colony. It began with the assassination of Sausamon, a converted Indian in Philip's control. He had gone to Plymouth to warn the magistrates, and on his way back to Philip, he was murdered. Three Wampanoags were put on trial at Plymouth, found guilty, and hanged. Shortly afterward the village of Swansey was burned by Philip's men, and the inhabitants were massacred. The villages of Dartmouth, Middleboro, and Taunton suffered the same dreadful fate. A large force of Nipmucks attacked Mendon. Months of ambush, assault, burning, pillaging, and butchery followed. The whites carried on as savagely as the Red Men. If tribes were broken, they united with others. The Nipmucks and the Wampanoags got together and attacked Brookfield. Major Simon Willard relieved Brookfield by galloping thirty miles at the head of a small cavalry force. He routed the barbarians with heavy slaughter.

In the Connecticut valley, the war was carried on at

Northfield and Deerfield. These two towns had to be given up. Springfield and Hadley were attacked. A sad encounter was that of Captain Thomas Lothrop with his company of ninety picked men: they were caught in an ambuscade and slaughtered by seven hundred Nipmucks. Another terrible encounter was the Narragansett Swamp Fight in December 1675. The men of Massachusetts and Plymouth were victorious but it was disastrous for men were slaughtered or met their fate from the cold of winter.

There were savage attacks on Medford, Worcester, Marlboro, Grafton, Sudbury, and many other villages. Philip retreated to the Berkshires in February to collect his forces for the attack on Lancaster, an account of which was written by Mary Rowlandson. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the first minister of Lancaster, was captured by the Indians when they invaded the town and with her three children was carried into captivity. For eleven weeks she remained a prisoner, saw her youngest child die, and endured terrible hardships. She was finally ransomed and her two older children were released, but she survived only a short time. Her first-hand accounts of her harrowing experiences reveal the intense physical suffering and mental anguish endured by white captives. She begins with the attack on Lancaster:

"On the tenth of February, came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster: Their first coming was about Sun-rising; hearing the noise of some Guns, we looked out; several Houses were burning, and the Smoke ascending to Heaven. There were five persons taken in one house, the Father and the Mother and a sucking Child they knockt on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. Their were two others, who being out of their Garison upon some occasion, were set upon; one was knockt on the head, the other escaped: Another their was who running along was shot and wounded and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them Money (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him but knockt him in head, and stript him naked, and split open his Bowels. Another seeing many of the Indians about his Barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same Garison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their Fortification. Thus these murtherous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them."¹

Mary Rowlandson gave a vivid account of her captivity. The Indians showed very little mercy.

"One of the Indians carried my poor wounded Babe upon a

1 Mary Rowlandson--The Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration--1

horse; it went moaning all along, I shall dy, I shall dy. I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be exprest. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my armes till my strength failed, and I fell down with it: Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse back; as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horses head, at which they like inhumane creatures laught, and rejoyned to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our dayes, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his Power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of,
¹ had I not experienced it."

In July everything was over. Three powerful tribes had been wiped out of existence. All the surviving Indians were taken prisoners and sold to slave traders and carried off to the West Indies. The blood fever, however, extended to the Maine coast and the burning and scalping went on for two more years. By the summer of 1678 these enemies were disposed of, too.

Of the ninety towns in Massachusetts and Plymouth, twelve were completely blotted out and forty were the scenes

1 Mary Rowlandson--The Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration--7,8

of massacre. One thousand New England men lost their lives. New England never went through such a critical period. The conflict depended upon the existence of one party at the expense or the destruction of the other. There was scarcely a family in the colonies that did not suffer some loss. The Indians hunted with arms and firebrands. "They encamped at night by the blaze of christian dwellings, and rose in the morning to the quest of blood. Not a New England mother slept but with the image before her mind of her infant dashed against the rocks, nor woke but to fancy every wind through the forest was burdened with a savage yell."¹

Increase Mather in his History of Indian Wars gives an account of King Philip's War, which is important from a historical point of view. The idea behind his work is that the Indians were brought upon the whites because of their sins.

In 1689, the French and Indian wars began. We read accounts of these battles in the novels of James F. Cooper. These wars continued with only two or three short intermissions of peace until 1763. During all this time the colonies of New England were constantly harassed by raiding parties of the enemy.

Considering the great Indian wars and the persistent

¹ North American Review--April 1821--Volume XII--487

attacks on the white settlers, it is no wonder the early pages of our history and literature are filled with tales of tragedy and disaster caused by the Red Savages who roamed the continent.

CHAPTER III

FIRST GLORIFICATION

Thus, the Indian, driven to desperation by the white settlers who persistently avoided trying to understand his point of view, sought to avenge himself in the customary manner of all savages by blazing a path of horror and destruction from one end of the white colonies to the other. It is only natural then, that he be reflected in literature as a warlike figure towering above the tiny colonies brandishing the bloody tomahawk.

The early New England writers were painting the Indian as they saw him and very few believed that he was at heart kindly and sympathetic, as exemplified by the Pocahontas legend, or homeloving and peaceful, desiring only to be let alone. These writers, however, were not writers of fiction, but recorders of actual accounts, and being themselves the objects of Indian attacks, as were all whites, it was to be expected that they should tell only of the horrors inflicted upon them. The bloody scenes confronting them prevented them from seeing the Indian as anything but a figure of disaster.

To really see the Indian in his true light as he was until aroused by the desires of greedy whites would take an understanding and sympathetic heart, that of a poet, perhaps, whose sensitive soul is ever seeking the truths of human tragedies and immortalizing them in song. Only a poet could look beyond the endless trail of bloody deeds to recognize the Indian as a truly noble creature with just cause for any or all of his actions. There was just such a poet, Philip Freneau, of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and it is in his works that we find the Indian come into his own and standing forth, a righteous and free soul untainted by vices of civilization. "Philip Freneau is the pioneer figure in the use of Indian material for poetical purposes. Though he may have realized only dimly the value of this material, the poems dealing with the natives are unquestionably among his finest and best."¹ His poetry can be divided into two groups: his patriotic and partisan songs and satires, and his imaginative, lyrical, reflective, and descriptive poetry. In his own age he was noted for the former but he is remembered for his romantic poems. And it is these poems that draw our interest, for the poems of the Indian fall into this group. These poems deal with Freneau's

¹ Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--21

praise of primitive society, solitude, and nature.

Freneau was influenced by a sensitive romantic strain of ancestry; the first poetic incentive of his boyhood came from the New Jersey hills near the family estate, Mount Pleasant, and his mother encouraged all the dreaming love for nature and books which the boy revealed. And thus his fame rests on his lyrics noted for their simplicity, sincerity, and beauty.

Freneau's interest in the aborigines developed early. Before he was twenty years old, he had published a work of four hundred and fifty lines, The American Village, in which the Indian is given a prominent place. Freneau had just gone through an unsatisfactory experience at private teaching and had turned to writing. "In these youthful productions he was unconsciously preparing himself to take a position in the front ranks of the Patriots in the wordy warfare which accompanied and sometimes determined that of the musket and canon."¹

In a letter of Freneau to his classmate James Madison dated Somerset County, Maryland, Nov. 22, 1772, Freneau says: "I have printed a poem in New York called The American Village . . . As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges---my name is in the title page, this is

¹ Harry Koopman, Editor--The American Village--Freneau--ix

called vanity by some---but 'who so fond as youthful bards of fame?'"¹

It seems that Freneau, at the tender age of twenty, was evidently trying to find his bearings in poetry. We find satire, broad humor, local picturing, and a tender human sentiment in The American Village. More than one third of the poem is taken up with a defense of the North American Indian.

Nor think this mighty land of old contain'd
 The plundering wretch, or man of bloody mind:
 Renowned SACHEMS once their empires rais'd
 On wholesome laws; and sacrifices blaz'd.
 The generous soul inspir'd the honest breast,
 And to be free, was doubly to be blest.

The poem tells of the coming of Columbus and Cabot. Freneau describes the beauties of the land and the defense the Indians put up for their native land.

And rav'nous nations with industrial toil,
 Conspir'd to rob them of their native soil:
 Then bloody wars, and death and rage arose,
 And ev'ry tribe resolv'd to be our foes.
 Full many a feat of them I could rehearse,
 And actions worthy of immortal verse:

¹ Harry Koopman, Editor--The American Village--Freneau--x

Deeds ever glorious to the INDIAN name,

And fit to rival GREEK or ROMAN fame.

The poem contains a sad story of an Indian hunter of Hudson Bay, Caffraro, by name, who had brought his furry riches to Port Nelson. He was accompanied by his wife, Colma, and his little son. Suddenly the boat began to leak. There was no lament or female cry heard and each one prepared for his fate. A friendly brother on shore saw the commotion and left in a small boat to come to their aid. He could save only two, however, and the wife asked for her husband and son to be saved. The wife's last words were that he take no other bride, that he take care of the boy, remember her, and she'd be waiting for him.

There shall I see thee too, and see with joy

The future charge, my much lov'd Indian boy:

The thoughtless infant, whom with tears I see,

Once sought my breast, or hung upon my knee;

Tell him, ah tell him, when in manly years

His dauntless mind, nor death nor danger fears,

Tell him, ah tell him, how thy Colma dy'd,

His fondest mother, and thy youthful bride.

. . .

She said, and downward in the hoary deep

Plung'd her fair form to everlasting sleep;
 Her parting soul its latest struggle gave,
 And her last breath came bubbling through the wave.

Caffraro was very sad and wanted to die, too, but he roved the silent plain bringing up his offspring.

'Till years approaching, bow'd his sacred head
 Deep in the dust, and sent him to the dead:
 Where now perhaps in some strange fancy'd land,
 He grasps the airy bow, and flies across the strand;
 Or with his Colma shares the fragrant grove,
 Its vernal blessings, and the bliss of love.

Koopman judges the poem as a whole: "The American Village, far from lacking literary finish, displays as high a technical skill as any later production of its author's."¹

Freneau like others of the eighteenth century was fascinated by the thought of man's innocence and bliss in his natural state, and in The Pictures of Columbus Freneau gives this idea. In glowing terms he pictures the Indian's paradise before the arrival of the whites:

Sweet sylvan scenes of innocence and ease,
 How calm and joyous pass the seasons here!
 No splendid towns of spiry turrets rise,

¹ Harry Koopman, Editor--The American Village--Freneau--xii

No lordly palaces -- no tyrant kings
Enact hard laws to crush fair freedom here;
No gloomy jails to shut up wretched men;
All, all are free! -- here God and nature reign;
Their works unsullied by the hands of men.

His Sketches of American History tells of the Indian's happy existence in a rural domain.

These Indians, 'tis certain, were here long before
ye all,

And dwelt in their wigwams from time immemorial;
In a mere state of nature, untutored, untaught,
They did as they pleased, and they spoke as they
thought--

In the midst of their forests how happy and blest,
In the skin of a bear or buffalo drest!
No care to perplex, and no luxury seen
But the feast, and the song, and dance on the
green. . . .

Thus happy they dwelt in a rural domain
Uninstructed in commerce, unpractised in gain.

With Columbus' coming, a new world of gold and silver existed. Others followed his route. "Freneau gives scant credit to benevolent intentions of explorers and settlers,

who by their actions convinced the native that he had better rid himself of such dangerous neighbors. . . . Even under the most favorable conditions of the white domination, nature alone remained as the native's peculiar realm, and this he preferred to the learning and civilization of the newcomer."¹

In the Indian Student we learn of the plan of a white man to educate the Indians. This fine lad from Susquehanna's farthest springs was advised by a wandering priest to go to Harvard.

"In white-man's land there stands a town

"Where learning may be purchased low--

"Exchange his blanket for a gown,

"And let the lad to college go."--

After a long debate, the council sent the copper-colored boy to the seat of education. He was dressed gaily and set out alone for Harvard, where he was submitted to a classical education.

Some thought he would in law excel,

Some said in physic he would shine;

And one that knew him, passing well,

Beheld, in him a sound Divine.

The young Indian student found his only recreation in

¹ Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--22, 23

hunting.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possessed,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours dressed.

"And why (he cried) did I forsake
"My native wood for gloomy walls;
"The silver stream, the limpid lake
"For musty books and college halls.

"A little could my wants supply--
"Can wealth and honor give me more;
"Or, will the sylvan god deny
"The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
"And heaven's sublimest mansions see--
"I only bow to Nature's God--
"The land of shades will do for me.

• • •

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
"And mingled laurel never fades,

"My heart is fixed;--and I must go
"To die among my native shades."

This is one of Freneau's best poems. It awakened sympathy for his hero, who was yearning for the free life of the forest, when he had been taken from it and placed at college.

The Indian Convert portrays the native in an entirely different light and it is inclined to be unfavorable. An Indian is urged by a parson to join his flock and the native puts on a coat and becomes religious. The coversation was produced as a result of much persuasion and constant harassing.

One day the parson talked of all the beautiful things in the other world. The Indian was looking for something substantial and he confessed his doubts:

Said he, Master Minister, this place that you
talk of,

Of things for the stomach, pray what has it got;
Has it liquors in plenty?--If so, I'll soon
walk off

And put myself down in the heavenly spot.

You fool (said the preacher) no liquors are
there!

The place I'm describing is most like our meeting,

Good people, all singing, with preaching and
prayer;

They live upon these without eating or drinking.

But the doors are all locked against folks that
are wicked;

And you, I am fearful, will never get there:--

A life of Repentance must purchase the ticket
And few of you, Indians, can buy it, I fear.

Farewell (said the Indian) I'm none of your mess;
On victuals, so airy, I faintish should feel,
I cannot consent to be lodged in a place
Where there's nothing to eat and but little to
steal.

In The Dying Indian we hear the lament of the aged chief,
Tomo-Chequi, who doesn't want to leave the Huron shore and
still the demons urge him to the shore of death.

To what strange lands must Chequi take his way!

Graves of the dead departed mortals trace:

No deer along those gloomy forests stray,

No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,

But all are empty unsubstantial shades,

That ramble through those visionary glades;
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
 But sickly orchards there
 Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage shew,
 And withered hangs the hurtle-berry blue.

He laments on the fact that fine tales of the shades and purling rills exist about the land where the dead fathers dwell. But are these authentic? No ghost ever came back and gave the true details. Thus this dauntless warrior chief shrinks before the departed. His only hope is that nature may repair the ruins and that a real world and a newborn mansion may somehow once more be assigned to the immortal mind.

Perplexed with doubts, and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
Nature at last these ruins may repair,
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to
 weep

Some real world once more may be assigned,
Some new born mansion for the immortal mind!
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell surrounding woods,
To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,

Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron Bay!

So the old chief tells them to prepare for his death
because he is now ready to take his journey.

The Prophecy of King Tammany tells of the parting
moments of another leader, a Delaware Chieftain. He was the
first Indian to welcome William Penn; he saw the Europeans
adventuring and exploring his world.

He saw them draw the shining blade,
He saw their hostile ranks displayed,
And cannons blazing through that shade
Where only peace was known before.

He couldn't understand what the native had done which
would warrant that strangers seize their woods and drive
them from their native plain. They raged and declared for
revenge but all in vain for Indian arms were defied and
chieftains died.

"Yes, yes,--I see our nation bends;
"The gods no longer are our friends;--
"But why these weak complaints and sighs?
"Are there not gardens in the west,
"Where all our far-famed Sachems rest?--
"I'll go, an unexpected guest,
"And the dark horrors of the way despise.

Because this chieftain saw his natives helpless against the superior numbers and weapons of the enemy, he became discouraged and sought a way out of the intolerable situation by going to join the far famed sachems. Before he went, he denounced the Christians and prophesied that they would have woes; he prophesied that hostile squadrons would come and ravage their shores; their warriors and children would be slain; they would be led captive to distant climes; and a sordid race would succeed to slight the virtues of the former race. Then the Chieftain calmly raised his funeral pyre and the flames ascended. He smiled for his troubles were near an end.

'Till the freed soul, her debt to nature paid,
Rose from the ashes that her prison made,
And sought the world unknown, and dark oblivion's
shade.

The Death Song of a Cherokee Indian is not found in any of Freneau's collected poems and the authorship is still doubtful. "There still seems justice in asking if it may not have been written or adapted by Freneau. As "original poetry" it was contributed to Matthew Carey's American Museum in January 1787, with unquestioned authorship by Freneau. . . . In style of writing, in sentiment and theme, it is accordant with Freneau's poetry, and with his admiration for the defiant

prowess of the Indian."¹ It does seem as though the poem was written by Freneau, but it was ascribed to Mrs. Ann Hunter of England before 1806 and to Royal Tyler when the song appeared in his prose play, The Contrast, which was published in 1790.

In 1822 Maria Edgeworth used it in Rosamond. Her note was: "The idea of this ballad was suggested several years ago by hearing a gentleman who resided many years among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me was customary for these people to chant with a barbarous jargon implying contempt for their enemies in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavored to give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."²

Pattee says of Freneau: "The authenticity of a poem suspected to be Freneau's may always be gravely doubted if it is not found to be included in his collected works, for he hoarded his poetic product, especially in his earlier period,³ with miserly care." Pattee, however, goes on and reasons in the following manner. It seems that Freneau's American Village was for many years known only from his description of it in his letter to Madison. The poem was lost and it was not

1 Annie R. Marble--Heralds of American Literature--95

2 Fred L. Pattee--Poems of Philip Freneau--313

3 Ibid--313

discovered until Nov. 1902 when a copy of it was found in a volume of miscellaneous pamphlets purchased by the Library of Congress. Thus if Freneau did not bother to trouble himself about this early poem of 450 lines, it is conceivable that he might overlook the sixteen lines of the Death Song.

This Cherokee Indian does not complain in his death song; he remembered the woods where he lay in ambush, the scalps which he bore, the arrows he shot from his bow, the enemy chiefs that he laid low;

I go to the land where my father is gone;

His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son

Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from
 pain

And thy son, Alknomock, has scorned to complain.

The Indian Burying Ground is without doubt Freneau's finest short poem. "His delicacy of touch, sympathetic portrayal, and pious sentiment has seldom been equalled."¹ Freneau's own note explains the poem. "The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds etc.: And (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons." "Freneau praised the custom of

1 Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--29

leaving the warriors, after death, in an upright posture, symbolizing immediate action and defiance to the wiles of the enemy."¹

The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

• • •

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit--
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

In his prose work Tomo Cheeki, he is less successful. This appeared in Jersey Chronicle in May 1795. The Creek Indian comments on the white man's life and customs from the standpoint of an observing savage.

Freneau, urged by his poet's soul, could and did vividly portray Indian ideals and desires in his characterization of the Red Man as a noble creature. To do such a job well would naturally require a sympathetic soul. But did Freneau have any reason, other than his poetic inclinations, to select the Indian as a fit subject for literary themes? Perhaps the explanation of his choice lies in a description of

¹ Annie R. Marble--Heralds of American Literature--96

the character of the man himself. He was "active, brilliant, courageous, clear-headed, quick witted, full of imagination and fancy; . . . he was a typical Frenchman, and as brave as he was sparkling."¹ It may be due to the fact that he desired to swing into a new type of poetry. "Free, clear and expressive, he cast aside the trammels of the stately verse in which his predecessors and contemporaries delighted, and wrote just as he seems to have felt, and in whatever way he deemed most appropriate to his subject."²

On March 13, 1883, Professor James D. Murray of Princeton College delivered a lecture upon the poet before the Long Island Historical Society. He said: "Freneau was a genius in his way, and had brilliant instincts. Some of his poetry sprung from the intense flame of oppression, and as a poet he blew it to a white head. He was possessed of an impetuous flow of song for freedom, and his wit was pungent and stinging."³

His poems as a whole represent his own times in that the majority of them portray the war of wit and verse of the American Revolution; some paint the life of village rustics; and some deal with remote themes. Our study of Freneau deals with his interest in the Indian, a remote theme, as a re-

1 Edward DeLancey--Proceedings of the Huguenot Society--68

2 Ibid--83

3 Mary S. Austin--Philip Freneau--216

sult of "a visionary meditation on the antiquities of
1
America."¹

His attitude toward the Indian which is both romantic and realistic was evidently the result of conflict and a desire to express his innate longings for freedom for all. He seems to have a delicate fancy and wistful sentiment, brooding over the passing of the great red race, once the proud rulers of the country. "He was essentially of a poetic mood and had many traits of rare excellence in the divine art. His mind was warmed into admiration at the beauties of landscape; his conceptions were imaginative; visionary scenes swarmed before his imagination, and the same susceptibility of mind which let him to invest with interest the fading fortunes of the Indian, and nature's prodigality in the luxurious scenery of the tropics, made him keenly appreciative
²
of the humble ways and manners of his race."²

1 Mary S. Austin--Philip Freneau--219

2 Ibid--218

CHAPTER IV

FIRST APPEARANCE IN FICTION

The Red Man was a gallant figure as Freneau painted him, watching with tragic eyes the vast domains of his once happy homelands being greedily swallowed by white men. But as he saw his people driven steadily backward, true savage that he was, he began to battle at every step of his retreat, using all the wiles and the ferocious cruelty of his peculiar methods of warfare. Little by little, his story was recorded by writers, some sympathetic of his unhappiness; some interested only in his queer customs and manners; some desiring only to record accurately accounts of his attacks on the white settlers and his treatment of captives; and a very few who began to look upon him as a possible subject for local stories, a romantic figure around which could be woven tales of fiction. "The distinction of having first successfully utilized the Indian as fiction material really belongs to Charles Brockden Brown. . . . He deliberately introduced and exploited native material, chief among which was the red man."¹

¹ Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--33

Only one of Brockden's tales, however, has accounts of the Indian in it, Edgar Huntly or The Adventures of a Sleep-walker. This novel is a romance presenting a great variety of wild and picturesque adventures which attract the reader more than his other novels of supernaturalities. The curiosity of the reader is constantly kept up by one adventure after another. They are all original incidents, perils, and escapes. "It required the eye of genius to detect the rich stores of romantic and poetic interest that lay beneath the crust of society. Brown was aware of the capabilities of our country. . . . The success of our author's experiment, which was entirely devoted to American subjects, fully established the soundness of his opinions, which have been abundantly confirmed by the prolific pens of Irving, Cooper, and other accomplished writers, who in their diversified sketches of national character and scenery have shown the full capacity of our country for all the purposes of fiction."¹"

The scene of Edgar Huntly is laid in Pennsylvania near the forks of the Delaware. Waldegrave, a friend of Huntly's, has suddenly disappeared. A search is carried on far and wide but no trace of him is discovered. It is naturally supposed that Waldegrave has been murdered.

¹ William H. Prescott--Biographical and Critical Miscellanies--47, 48

One night as Huntly is returning home, he wanders along an unfrequented path. In the moonlight, he sees an unknown man digging under a tree. During the process of digging the man frequently stops, at which times he appears to be overcome by grief. Finally he closes the hole and leaves. Huntly follows him through the woods to a cavern into which he disappears. The digger proves to be a sleep-walker, Clithero, a mysterious foreigner in the neighborhood.

He is at once suspected as the assassin of Waldegrave and Huntly decides that it is up to him to watch and follow Clithero when he is sleep-walking. In doing this, Huntly meets strange adventures in the forest. He becomes a sleep-walker himself, and becomes melancholy and broody. He gets into a deep cavern with a panther, and a small band of sleeping Indians are between him and freedom. He slays the panther and one of the Indians. He escapes and rescues a young girl whom the Indians held as prisoner.

The narrative leads the hero through a number of romantic adventures. He has several desperate and critical escapes from the Indians. They appear as wild men of the American forest for they are crafty and cruel. "No wonder that Edgar applies to the Indians such terms as "inexorable enemies," "miscreants," savages who pursue a sanguinary trade,

to drink the blood, and exult in the lament of their unhappy foes and of his own brethren, merciless enemies who would tear away the skin from his brows."¹ Huntly is no doubt impressed with his enemies' physique, but impression is insignificant in comparison with that of their ruthlessness.

"The Indians in Edgar Huntly are drawn with dignity and considerable truth. Brown had no natural love of the frontier, nor any experience of it; his attitude towards the red man is that of the dweller in the settlements, who sees the Indian only occasionally, when he comes in to spend his money or to make trouble. There is no attempt to idealize the savage morally. He is shown as the treacherous and wily foe, and he associates himself in the reader's imagination with the two panthers that had wandered in from the wilderness to trouble the farmers. Yet the ferocity and mysterious skill of the Indian in war, like the agility of the panther, gains a sort of unmoral credit; these savage raiders have the keen sight, delicate hearing and sure hand that rouses admiration for Cooper's Indians; and Brockden Brown is careful to make them neither too monstrous nor too successful,--they are simply halftamed savages who break into murderous revolt and are

1 Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--36

put down by superior civilization and order."¹

Brown characterizes only one Indian as an individual, the old hag Deb. She lived on public bounty, she fancied grievances, and she instigated her people to raid. She belonged to the Delawares.

"The village inhabited by this clan was built upon the ground which now constitutes my uncle's barn yard and orchard. On the departure of her countrymen, this female burnt the empty wigwams and retired into the fastnesses of Norwald. She selected a spot suitable for an Indian dwelling and a small plantation of maize, and in which whe was seldom liable to interruption and intrusion.

"Her only companions were three dogs, of the Indian or wolf species. These animals differed in nothing from their kinsmen of the forest, but in their attachment and obedience to their mistress. She governed them with absolute sway. They were her servants and protectors, and attended her person or guarded her threshold, agreeable to her directions. She fed them with corn and they supplied her and themselves with meat, by hunting squirrels, raccoons, and rabbits. . . .

"The chief employment of this woman, when at home, besides plucking the weeds from among her corn, bruising the

1 John Erskine--Leading American Novelists--34

grain between two stones, and setting her snares for rabbits and possums, was to talk. Though in solitude, her tongue was never at rest but when she was asleep; but her conversation was merely addressed to her dogs. Her voice was sharp and shrill, and her gesticulations were vehement and grotesque. A hearer would naturally imagine that she was scolding; but, in truth, she was merely giving them directions. Having no other object of contemplation or subject of discourse, she always found, in their posture and looks, occasion for praise, or blame, or command. The readiness with which they understood, and the docility with which they obeyed her movements and words, were truly wonderful.¹"

Brown shows us the picture of hatred existing in the race of Red Men who had been driven from their hunting grounds by the whites. Old Deb is the person who rouses her people and stoutly opposes the decision to abandon the land of their fathers and push further west. She had a great influence on her people but she couldn't get them to give up their plans. She stuck to her ground and demanded from the English intruders the necessities of life. She was allowed to remain, and she conceived all kinds of plans for revenge. It was through her influence that the Indians killed Waldegrave.

1 John Erskine--Leading American Novelists--35,36

Huntry, therefore, had definite views about the Indians. He had endured a great deal of suffering in the late wars; his own home which bordered on the wilderness had been raided by eight Indians at night; both his parents and a babe had been murdered and the house burnt, but he and his sister had escaped; he learned in time that his dear friend, Waldegrave, was murdered by them.

Brown exploited native material in his novels; for this they are significant. However, they are also "of historical interest in tracing the development of American fiction which followed within a few years--the works of Irving, Cooper, Poe, and Hawthorne. . . . The masters of fiction who followed Brown were able to use material similar to his in fancy and character-delineation; but they gave to their fiction both reality and effectiveness. . . . Brown evidenced some originality of thought and an impulse of patriotism which helped to promulgate a love of literature among his countrymen."¹ Thus he opened the way into a field of fiction which subsequent adventurers have followed.

Brown can be compared to Cooper very easily for they both treated of adventures in the solitary wilds of the American forests. But the character of the North American

1 Annie Marble--Heralds of American Literature--318

Indian as seen in both authors has little resemblance. Brown's sketches are few, and are confined to the popular conception of the Indian in his own day; he was rude, uncouth, cunning, cruel, and there is no thought of a generous nature within the bosom of the Red Man. He used the Indian simply as a means of increasing the elements of horror in his story. On the other hand, "Cooper discards all the coarser elements of savage life, reserving those only of a picturesque and romantic cast, and elevating the souls of his warriors by such sentiments of courtesy, high-toned gallantry, and passionate tenderness as belong to the riper period of civilization. Thus idealized, the portrait, if not strictly that of the fierce and untamed son of the forest, is at least sufficiently true for poetical purposes. Cooper is indeed a poet. His descriptions of inanimate nature, no less than of savage man, are instinct with the breath of poetry."¹

Brown is not so much concerned with external nature as he is with the depths of the soul and heart. He dwells on the sources of human action and not the action itself. His descriptions of the forest scenes do not live as Cooper's do. They do not have the free and easy swing of the narrative that Cooper's have.

¹ William H. Prescott--Biographical and Critical Miscellanies
--35

Like the early New England writers, though for a different reason, for they were recording facts as witnessed by them, and he was writing fiction, Charles Brockden Brown painted the Indian in an unfavorable light. "He has the colonist's conception of the Indian as a murderous savage, whose every action if not closely circumscribed leads to tragedy. Edgar's nearest relatives and dearest friends fall under the red man's tomahawks, and only resolute action and a kind Providence save him from a similar fate. Though the treacherous native inspires him with amazement and wonder, and Indian warfare is not without its romantic aspects, the sense of terror predominates, and of idealization in the strict sense of the term there is little or nothing."¹ Brown himself in his preface to Edgar Huntly felt that he aroused the sympathy of the readers and called forth their passions by using incidents of Indian hostility and perils of the western world. He felt that as a native of America, to overlook these, would admit of no apology.

Though Brown alone has the distinction of first utilizing the Indian in fiction, his treatment of him was by no means unique for he simply joined the ranks of most of the American writers who painted the Indian in vivid colors, smeared with

1 Albert Keiser--The Indian in American Literature--37

war paint and the blood of his victims.

Brown, himself, was of Quaker stock but he had great imaginative powers. In his early childhood and youth, he was frail and his health prevented him from having a university training. However, he read a great deal mastering the classics, and began to take walks through the countryside. As a result of these walks, he became very familiar with the Pennsylvania country and used this knowledge in the settings of his novels. These walks, too, increased his habit of reverie and romantic sensibilities. He became a dreamer in a world of fancy. He became lonely and philosophical. He analyzed and speculated; "his fancy peopled every object with ideal beings, and the barrier between himself and the world of spirits seemed burst by the force of meditation."¹

Brown was greatly influenced by Godwin and developed Utopian ideas about reforming society; he was also influenced by the prevalent Gothic style. Many of Brown's characteristics explain his treatment of the Indian. His temperament was melancholy and he often had gruesome fancies. His philosophy was one of darkness and distortion. To him life was morbid. "He realized vaguely that in the American Indian there is a creation different from the ordinary and so some-

1 William H. Prescott--Biographical and Critical Miscellanies
--7

thing that we call 'original' for treatment, but the thought became a fancy before it could be fairly comprehended. It slipped from him ere he could write it down in vivid colors and he remained sombre and desolate trying to write himself into a great writer and philosophize himself into a great philosopher."¹

Thus through the pen of Charles Brockden Brown, the Indian lives again primarily a savage figure of a still more savage race, with no redeeming features.

1 Martin S. Villas--Charles Brockden Brown--60

CHAPTER V

YAMOYDEN

Throughout early American literature, the dominating theme, where the Red Man is concerned, has been that of Indian hostility, reflecting the feeling prevalent among the white people. The early romance of Pocahontas had dwindled into the background, growing fainter with passing years, and the struggles of a few writers to present the Indian in a more favorable light met with not too great success. Of course, American literature was young, and Indian hostilities were very evident. Perhaps the passing of more years was necessary to soften the hard tales and allow the Indian to take a more pleasant position in the pages of literature. However, two hardy souls, if the souls of poets can be called hardy, had made the attempt, following in the footsteps of the pioneer, Freneau, and once more the Indian was represented as the glorious figure of a great race. These two poets were James Eastburn and Robert C. Sands, whose Yamoyden, a tale of the wars of King Philip in six cantos, was the result of the combined efforts of the two friends who at the time were both

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under twenty years of age.

The poem was planned by Eastburn who was studying for the ministry at Bristol, Rhode Island, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient capital of King Philip's race, and the scene of the great wars. Eastburn became interested in the history of Philip, the great Sachem, and brave leader of the famous Indian wars against the colonists of New England during the years 1675-76. He formed the plot of the romantic poem from a rather hasty glance at Hubbard's narrative. He told Sands about it and they divided the material. They would interchange and read the different parts as they completed them. They began their work in 1817 and the poem was finished before the summer of 1818. Naturally the poem is defective in parts because of their ignorance of the subject. Eastburn was forced to go on a voyage to Santa Cruz for his health, and while he was on this trip, he died. Sands revised, arranged, and completed their work and published it in New York, in 1820 under the title of Yamoyden.

The poem deserves merit for its descriptions of nature; they are accurate and beautiful; it is rich with historical knowledge of Indian history and tradition including all of their customs, manners, superstitions; and their story of how they were treated in New England is used with skill by the

two authors.

Sands received literary fame when the poem was published. He included with the poem a brief account of the manner in which it was composed; "The action of our fable only occupied the space of forty-eight hours; we were led into several inconsistencies, in the general outline first proposed; from which no departure was afterward made. . . . As the fable was defective, from our ignorance of the subjects, the execution was also, from the same cause, and the hasty mode of composition, in every respect imperfect."¹

The first canto opens with a description of the natural scenery at Mount Hope, the seat of Philip, the great sachem.

'Twas summer; and the forests threw
 Their checkered shapes of varying hue,
 In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
 O'er hill and bank, and headland green,
 Blithe birds were carolling on high
 Their matin music to the sky,
 As glanced their brilliant hues along,
 Filling the groves with life and song;
 All innocent and wild and free
 Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.

¹ G.C.Vesplanak--The Writings of Robert C. Sands--V1--164

Peace had been maintained for twenty years since the Pequots had been suppressed. Metacomet, or Philip, who had watched his powerful tribe being reduced to a few broken men, and their allies estranged, decided to do something about it. He returned to his ancient seat of Mount Hope and held a war dance.

The red fire is blazing; ring compassing ring,
They whirled in the war-dance, and circuiting sing;
And the chieftains, in turn to the pile as they go,
In each brand saw a warrior, each gleed was a foe;
Revenge on the whites and their allies they swear,
Mohegans, Nantics, and Pequots they dare,
And slay in the dream of their ire;

Then Philip called a council of warriors and attempted to excite them into an effort to subdue the whites.

There met the council, round the throne,
Where he, in power, in thought alone,
Not like the sentenced outlaw sate,
The abandoned child of wayward fate,
But as of those tall cliffs a part,
Cut by some bolder sculptor's art,
The imaged God, erect and proud,
To whom the simple savage bowed.

His was the strength the weak that sways;

The glance the servile herd obeys;

• • •

Up started Metacom;--the train

Of all his wrongs,--his perished power,--

His blasted hopes,--his kindred slain,--

His quenchless hate which blazed in vain,

So fierce in its triumphant hour.

• • •

Across his quivering lips in haste

A smile of bitterness there pass'd;--

As if a beam from the lamp had stole

That burnt within his inmost soul,

He gave a powerful speech, urging them on to revenge.

In all his warriors, as he spoke,

The rising fury fiercely woke;

Each tomahawk, in madness swayed,

Gleamed mid the forest's quivering shade;

Loud rose the war hoop, wild and shrill;

The frowning rock, the towering hill

Prolonged the indignant cry:

Agamoun, of another tribe, remained quiet for he wanted peace. He wanted to go west into the wild woods where the

deer roamed and he could find a home and peace. The others all listened to him and quieted down. In consequence, he was put to death by Philip for treasonable counsel (in reality to awe the others). The canto ends with Philip's plot to rob Yamoyden, a Nipmuck chief, who cherishes his white wife and child. Philip wants him to join in the campaign of vengeance and liberty.

Through Nipnet tribes we hold our course;
Yamoyden to their broken bands
Yet dear, must through their northern lands
Make smooth our path. Thou say'st that he
Lists in Aquetnet's woods to hear
A bird, whose music is more dear
Than vengeance or than liberty.
A turtle-dove he nurses there,
And shelters with a parent's care.
That nest must be despoiled! the chief
Must share our common bond of grief!

Canto II tells us of Yamoyden, a Nipnet Indian, of a race tributary to Philip, who had fallen in love with a white woman, Nora. He had won her love; they were married, and he adopted her Christian faith. He did remain faithful to Philip, too, and whenever he was engaged in war or hunt, he always left his

wife and child in solitude where no one could disturb them.

As the canto opens Nora is singing to her baby as she awaits a visit from her husband. When he arrives, she entreats him to separate himself from a ruined cause. But he resists her pleas. He wants to speed his brethren's flight, and then enjoy his home life far away from the sounds of war. He leaves his wife and sets out for Philip's camp.

While he is gone, four Indians come to the secluded grove, steal the child from Nora, and carry her off senseless. The child is to be used as a sacrifice to the evil spirit for success in battle. The Indians head for the bay. One, Ahauton, incensed at the murder of his friend by Philip in the council, got up an English party to intercept the Red Men. The English fire on the Indians from ambush, but they escape with the child and Nora falls into the hands of her own countrymen.

Canto III brings us to the English Camp where religious services are being held. Hymns are sung and an old preacher gives a sermon relating the rise and progress of the emigration and settlement of the Pilgrims; the dangers they encountered on the high seas and on land from hostile natives, starvation, disease, and severe climate; and their persistent struggle toward safety with the ever-present Providence of Almighty God to keep them going.

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An old man, Fitzgerald, then told his story. He began with tales of his youth as a soldier, of his marriage and the death of his wife, the sad story of his daughter Nora. An Indian had come to learn to be like the whites. He used to sit and tell Nora of his race and all the great deeds they did. Nora fell in love with him and she'd sit and listen to the stories over and over. Fitzgerald felt that the Indian had won his daughter's heart by fiendish craft.

News comes to the camp that Ahauton and Nora have arrived. Nora is put into a hut. Fitzgerald recognizes her as his daughter, and claims her as his own child. He forgives her and leaves her to go and save her child. He is accompanied by Ahauton. The thought that had tortured Nora all along was the fact that her husband and her father were fighting against each other.

Canto IV deals with the customs, rites, and superstitions of the Indians. The Indians have gathered to offer a sacrifice, Nora's baby, to the evil spirit. The Indians sing a hymn to the spirit:

"Beyond the hills the Spirit sleeps,
His watch the power of evil keeps;
The spirit of fire has sought his bed,
The Sun, the hateful Sun, is dead.

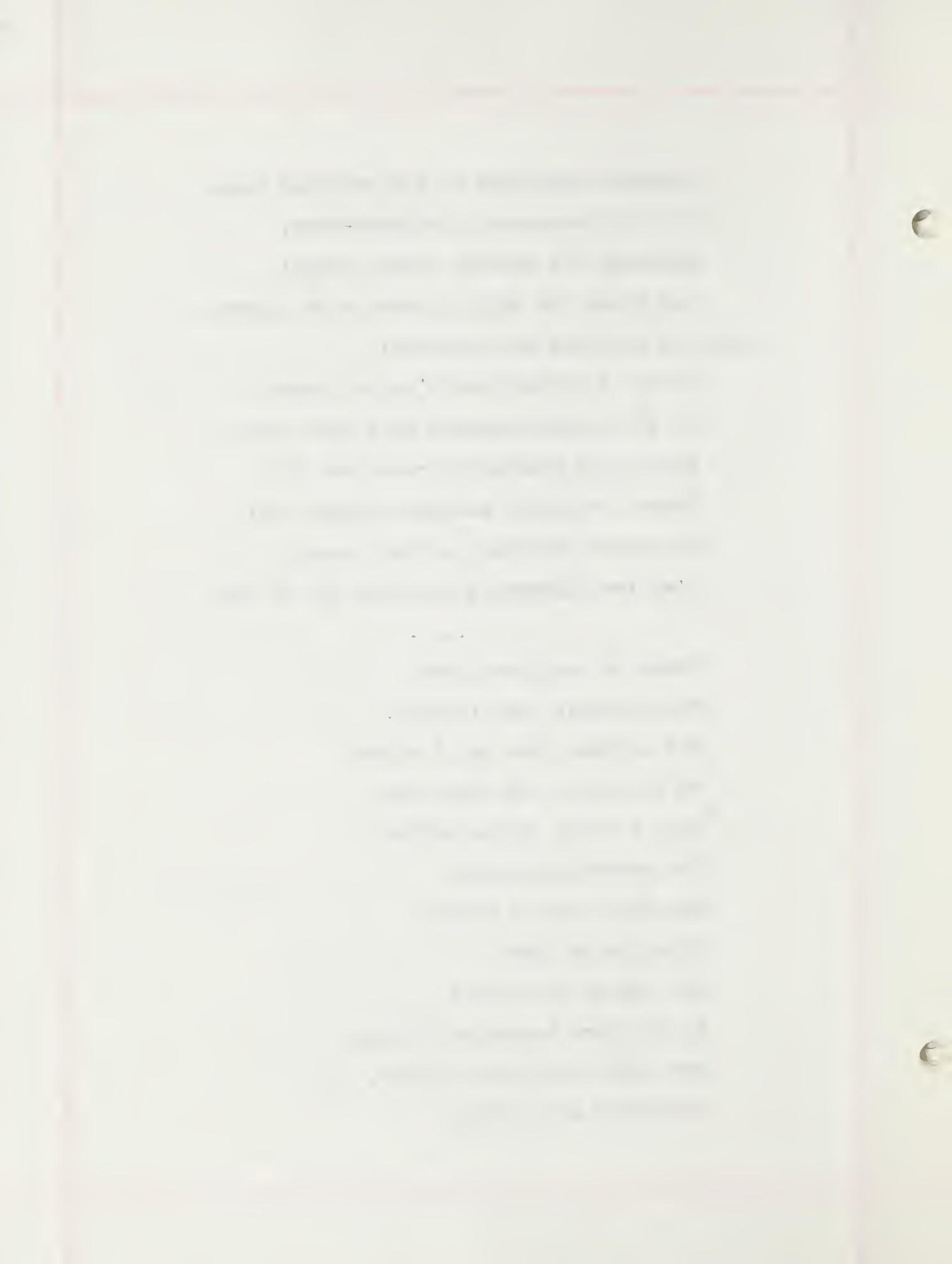
Profound and clear is the sounding wave,
In the chambers of the Wakon-cave;
Darkness its ancient portal keeps;
And there the Spirit sleeps,--he sleeps.

Then the Pow-wahs are summoned:

"Come ye hither, who o'er the hatch
Of the coward murderer hold your watch;
Moping and chattering round who fly
Where the putrid members reeking lie,
Piecemeal dropping, as they decay,
O'er the shuddering recreant day by day;

. . .

"Come ye who give power
To the curse that is said,
And a charm that shall wither
To the drops that are shed,
On the cheek of the maiden,
Who never shall hear
The kind name of Mother
Saluting her ear:
But sad as the turtle
On the bare branch reclining,
She shall sit in the desert,
Consuming and pining;



With a grief that is silent,
Her beauty shall fade,
Like a flower nipt untimely,
On its stem that is dead.

• • •

"Come ye, who as hawks hover o'er
The spot where the war-club is lying,
Defiled with the stain of their gore,
The foemen to battle defying;
On your dusky wings wheeling above,
Who for vengeance and slaughter come crying;
For the scent of the carnage ye love,
The groans of the wounded and dying.

A pyre is lighted and rites begin. The priestess, a horrible witch, is about to put the child on the pyre. The spirit has been told that a harmless infant dies to whet his anger's edge.

A Christian woman's pledge,
Begot by Indian sire,
To thee the child belongs.

The priestess begins the last dedicating song when suddenly an unearthly form appears. The terrified priests think that it is the Good Spirit. As he appears, a storm comes up and puts the pyre out. It is Fitzgerald who carries the child

away.

"And when their palsyng dread was gone,
And a dim brand recovered shone,
And when they traced by that sad light
The scene of their unfinished rite,
And many a look uncertain cast,
The STRANGER and the CHILD had pass'd.

The last two cantos move rather swiftly to an end.

Yamoyden returns to his secluded grove and discovers that Nora and his child are gone and he has been left homeless and alone. He believes that they have been stolen. He returns to Philip's camp broken hearted, now longing to fight. Philip summons all his warriors together for a grand battle.

In the meantime, Nora half-mad because of her lost child, wanders alone in the wilderness. She comes across the camp and sees Philip's Indians preparing for battle. She sees the attack on Philip's men by the English in which struggle his followers are slaughtered. Philip is shot down by Ahauton for revenge. Nora sees her own father held down by a party of Indians about to kill him. Suddenly Yamoyden enters the picture, saves Fitzgerald's life, and receives the death blow himself. Nora runs to her husband's side and sinks into his arms as Death overtakes both of them.

Sands and Eastburn made use of their knowledge of Indian

and the small white ones were

and the small ones were

habits, legends, natural history, and local sources. "The distinguishing beauty which we remark in this poem is the very happy use which the writers have made of their reading in the antiquities of the Indians. Whatever in their customs or superstitions fell within the scope of the plot, is seized on with an admirable tact, and made available for the purposes of poetry."¹ The authors felt that the Indians were right and that the settlers were wrong. They believed in the nobility of the Indian, they hated the shameful manner in which they had been treated, and they resented the fact that the Indians were overcome by the greed and the cruelty of the white man.

'must we lie

In yon dark fen, and dimly spy
 Our fathers' hills, our native sky:--
 Like the coward ghosts, whom the bark of stone
 Leaves in the eternal wave to moan,
 And wail forever, as they descry
 The blissful isle they can come not nigh;
 Where the souls of the brave from toil released,
 Prolong the chase, the dance, the feast,
 And fill the sparkling chalice high,
 From the springs of immortality!

The authors of Yamoyden recognized in the early history

¹ North American Review--April 1821--Volume XII--477

of our country its unlimited sources of material for use in fiction. "We are gratified with the appearance of Yamoyden, for a reason distinct from that of its being an accession to the amount of good poetry. We are glad that somebody has at least found out the unequalled fitness of our early history for the purposes of a work of fiction."¹

Yamoyden is now a forgotten poem. In 1821, however, Dr. J.G. Palfrey wrote a review of Yamoyden for the April issue of the North American Review. He praised the poem because it used American History and he felt that our own country was an excellent field for fiction. As a result of this article, Lydia Maria Child, wrote her novel Hobomok: A Tale of Early Times by an American. Lydia Child, in 1824, read Palfrey's article one Sunday morning about the possibilities of romance in early American history. Before the afternoon services, she had completed the first chapter of her novel. Thus we can acknowledge Lydia Child in that she made the first attempt to use early American history in literature.

She soon finished the novel and published it. It was only two hundred pages, a hasty work of a woman only nineteen years old. It was the tale of an Indian, and she had scarcely ever seen an Indian. It is crude and improbable but there is

1 North American Review--April 1821--Volume XII--480

the first time I have seen a specimen of this species. It is a small bird, about 10 cm. long, with a slender body, long wings, and a long tail. The plumage is dark brown above, with some lighter spots on the wings and tail. The underparts are white, with some dark streaks on the breast and belly. The bill is long and thin, slightly curved at the tip. The legs are long and thin, with long toes. The feet are webbed. The voice is a sharp, high-pitched chirp.

a sincere attempt made for local color.

It concerns Mary Conant, who, almost stunned by the false tidings of her lover's death at sea, accepts as her husband the Indian, Hobomok. This Indian is a man of high and noble character and is very sympathetic; Mary learns to love her noble Indian. Her marriage is very sudden, and Hobomok makes a sudden resolution to leave his wife and child when the lover returns. His resolution is indeed a noble gesture for a Red Man. The tale is inartistic and improbable, yet it marked the dawn of American imaginative literature.

The poetic adventures of Eastman and Sands not only perpetuated the figure of a noble Indian for American literature but served as an inspiration to writers who followed them, who at last began to realize and appreciate the wealth of material available in early American history particularly concerning the Indian, for future use in American literature, be it fiction or fact.

CHAPTER VI

KONINGSMARKE

Following the instincts of all savage tribes, the Indian in his own crude way struggled to survive against the destructive forces which were continually wresting from him all that was representative of a free and simple life. Small wonder it was that the nobility and greatness of his race, immortalized by very few writers, were submerged and all but forgotten as he fought these forces checking them for a time with his savage methods of warfare and his horrible attempts to avenge his people. It is this picture of a hideously painted naked fiend that the majority of our early American writers leave with us. However, when we examine the picture more closely, we discover that it is pathetic, also, for the noble Indian disappears and leaves in his stead, only a pitiful remnant of a once powerful nation, degraded by the same forces which had persistently driven him backward; forces which had fostered a vice which his race had no strength or desire to withstand, the love of liquor. Thus tribes weakened and disappeared; the Indian noble was gone.

This characterization of the Indians is presented by James K. Paulding, among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature. He condemns the colonists who in his opinion, were the direct cause of the degradation of the Indian. The spirit of his writings is thoroughly American reflecting also his deep and almost reverent love of Nature. "Not only the outward features of Nature stand forth in his picturing, but, as one may say, her very soul breathes in his language."¹

Our interest is directed to one of Paulding's novels, Koningsmarke, The Long Finne. Koningsmarke was a youth born in Finland during the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. Left penniless by his father's death, he went to the New World to seek his fortune. He settled in the Swedish colony on the Delaware, and proceeded to get in with the family of Heer Piper, a Fin and governor of the colony. Koningsmarke had several adventures. He was put in jail for having some interdicted coins. While he was in jail, fire broke out but he escaped uninjured. He then fell in love with the governor's daughter. The governor got into trouble with his Indian neighbors who attacked and destroyed the village. Koningsmarke and his love were carried into captivity but were finally ransomed by the

1 William I. Paulding--Literary Life of James K. Paulding--
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Quakers of Coquanock and returned safely. The English of New York seized the colony in the name of the king. Koningsmarke was kidnapped and was about to be sold into slavery when he was saved by his love. All ended happily.

The parts of Koningsmarke that interest us are those dealing with the Indians. Paulding gives an accurate picture of the state of the Indians.

"Previous to their intercourse with the whites, they had few vices, as their state of society furnished them with few temptations; and these vices were counterbalanced by many good, not to say great qualities. But, by degrees, they afterward became corrupted by that universal curse of their race, spirituous liquors, the seductions of which the best and greatest of them could not resist. It is this which has caused their tribes to wither away, leaving nothing behind but a name, which will soon be forgotten, or, at best, but a miserable remnant of degenerate beings, whose minds are debased, and whose forms exhibit nothing of that tall and stately majesty which once characterized the monarchs of the forest."¹ Thus we see these Indian neighbors of Governor Piper as grave and melancholy, never showing signs of laughter and gayety except when they were drunk; and their drunken affairs

1 James K. Paulding--Koningsmarke--Volume I--156

usually ended in outrage and blood shed. When the misunderstanding arose between Piper and the Indians, Piper felt that the problem could be settled by calling a council of some of the chiefs. He therefore called this council to settle their economic and religious problems.

. . . "came ten or a dozen of the monarchs of the new world, whose names and titles, translated into English, equal those of the most lofty and heaven-born kings of the east. There came the Big Buffalo, the Little Duck Legs, the Sharp Faced Bear, the Walking Shadow, the Rolling Thunder, the Iron Cloud, the Jumping Sturgeon, the Belly Ache, and the Doctor, all legitimate sovereigns, with copper rings in their noses,¹ blanket robes of state and painted faces."

These great sovereigns were accompanied by inferior chiefs and warriors. The natives brought forth their complaints to Piper. They were deprived of their fishing grounds and of their land. Piper maintained they had no right to the land if they were not going to cultivate it. The Indians complained about the whites. If they had been happy in their original homes, why hadn't they remained there? Why did they have to hurt the Red Man by giving them liquid fires? The Indians ended the council be telling the whites to go back to their

¹ James K. Paulding--Koningsmarke--Volume I--161

homes and leave the Indians in peace in their woods and waters with their ancient customs and gods. They withdrew from the council yelling the war-whoop and chanting bloody songs.

The next we hear of the Indians in this novel is their bloody attack on Elsingburg. They made attempts to fire the palisades but were baffled. They did manage to get at the little magazine where the colonists' powder was stored. It exploded and the villagers were forced to leave by boat. The savages were triumphant.

In the midst of all this horror a humorous note was struck when a savage seized the queue of Lob Dotteral to scalp him. Luckily for Lob, the queue turned out to be a wig and it was left in the hands of the astonished warrior as a trophy.

Koningsmarke hurriedly had put Christina, his love, into a boat with two or three other women and children, and had pushed off. An Indian who tried to stop the craft was punished by Koningsmarke who cut off his hands and his head. Other Indians saw what was going on, however, and captured the whole party.

The captives, Christina, Koningsmarke, Varlett, Lob Dotteral, Claas Tomeson, and his wife and child began their journey to the Indian village. Before they had gone far, Claas was tied to a tree to witness the killing of his wife

and the first time I have seen it. It is a very
handsome tree, and I hope to get some seeds
from it. I have seen a few small trees in
the woods near here, but they were not
as large as the one I saw today. The
leaves are very large and broad, and
the flowers are white and fragrant.
The bark is smooth and grey, and
the trunk is straight and tall. The
tree is growing in a clearing in the
woods, and there are other smaller
trees and shrubs around it. The
soil is light and sandy, and the
water is clear and shallow. The
air is cool and fresh, and the
sun is bright and warm. The
birds are singing and the bees
are flying around the flowers.
It is a beautiful day, and I am
very happy to be here.

and child. Then the party journeyed for four days. When they arrived at the village, the Indian women and children were preparing for a great frolic.

"Poor Claas Tomeson was selected, on this occasion, for the object of their infernal merriment. He was stripped, painted black with charcoal, and apprized that if he gained the door of the council house, which was pointed out to him, he would be safe. They then gave him the start about six paces, and Claas ran for his life, followed by the yelling crew, who assailed him with every ingenuity of torture they could devise; beating him with clubs, cutting at him with their tomahawks, and sometimes putting the muzzles of their guns close to his naked skin and firing powder into it, powowing and beating their rude drums all the while. Poor Claas, although wounded and maimed in a cruel manner, . . . at length succeeded in gaining the door of the council house. . . . He seized the door post, and at the same instant fainted under ¹ his tortures and exertions."

The Indians turned Claas over to the care of their doctors. The fates of Christina, Lob, and Long Finne were not as cruel as that of Claas. Christina became the sister of a squaw; Long Finne was to become the husband of the wife of a

1 James K. Paulding--Koningsmarke--Volume I--196, 197

slain chief; Lob was preserved to be a great Medicine Doctor. Varlett and Tomeson, however, were not so fortunate and had to endure much suffering. They were seized, stripped, and blackened. Tomeson was tied to a stake fifteen feet high. The Indians fired powder into his naked skin, lighted a pile of wood and thrust burning brands into his body. The squaws put hot ashes and coals on his bare head. An old hag put burning coals on a piece of bark which she applied to his back. When he no longer reacted to the pain, Tomeson was killed with a tomahawk.

Varlett avoided all of this torture. He told the chiefs that rifle bullets couldn't hurt his body, naturally they had to test him, and so they fired at him. Varlett died and the Indians were so angry because they were deceived that they tore his body up, scooped up his blood and drank it smoking hot, and tossed his limbs into the flames.

This merriment was followed by a drinking match. . . . "the morning presented the wretched, bacchanals, dejected, worn out, and melancholy in the extreme. Some had their clothes torn from their backs, some were wounded, others crippled, and three dead bodies marked the bloody excesses to which barbarians are prone, when their dormant passions are excited by that most pernicious foe of savage and civilized

man, strong drink."¹

Lob Dotteral was initiated into the Muskrat Tribe and became Jumping Sturgeon. Koningsmarke became involved in a triangular affair. The widow whose husband he was to become, and Aouette, the girl with whom Christina lived, both became enamored with him.

"The Indian women are as remarkable for the tenderness and warmth of their affections, as the Indian men are for their coldness and indifference. They become suddenly and strongly attached, especially to white men; and, being entirely governed by the feelings of nature, do not hesitate to take upon themselves those advances, which, among civilized people, are the province of men alone. The gentle and tender simplicity with which the Indian girls of the better do this, is peculiarly affecting, and takes from their advances all appearance of indelicate forwardness."²

Koningsmarke and Lob joined the Indians in their war party. Paulding gives excellent pictures of the battle scenes. The widow, on their return to the Indian village, announced Koningsmarke as her mate. But Koningsmarke met Christina and planned to flee. During a drunken bout, Koningsmarke,

1 James K. Paulding--Koningsmarke--Volume I--206

2 Ibid--220



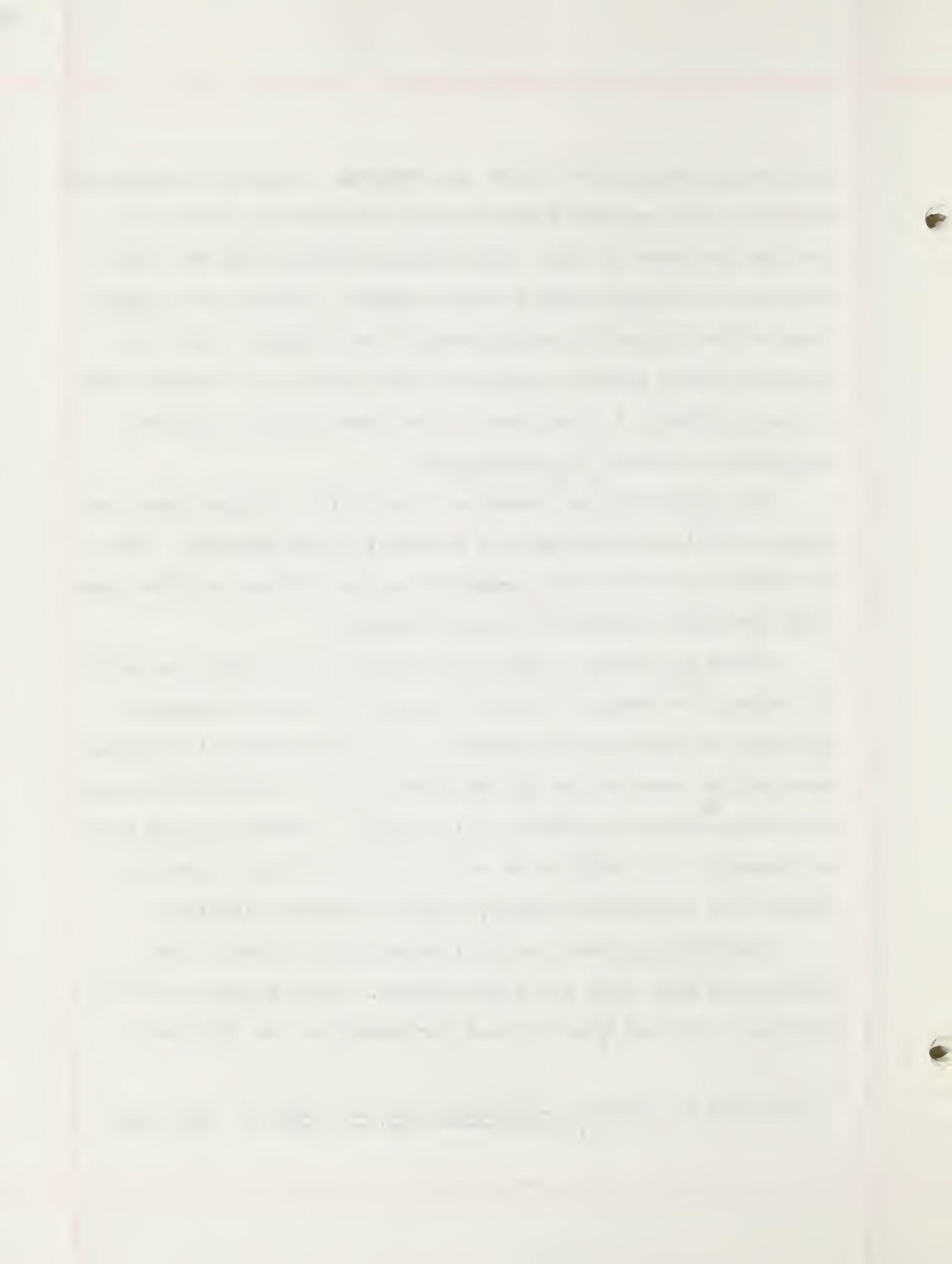
Christina, and another white man escaped. They were recaptured. Christina was rescued from her fate of death by Aouette and the two men were to die. The Indians prepared for the ceremony and a thunder storm suddenly arose. Aouette took advantage of the situation and addressed the Indians. She felt that the Great Spirit disapproved this deed and therefore had caused a storm. In the name of the Great Spirit, she commanded the ceremony to be stopped.

The following day, however, the Indians forgot about the Great Spirit and were bent on continuing the ceremony. The Big Hats of William Penn appeared in the village and they rescued the white captives from the Indians.

James K. Paulding wasn't an author in the exact sense of the word. He devoted his life mainly to writing newspaper accounts of political principles. "His adventures in literature proper were rather the episodes of his intellectual activity than the real labors of his mind."¹ Because he was more an essayist, and because he was influenced by the immediate demand, he developed a hasty, careless style of writing.

Paulding pictures the Indians as kind, liberal, and hospitable when they are well treated. Just as soon as they have been wronged they set out for revenge. He is more or

1 William I. Paulding--Literary Life of James K. Paulding--
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less pessimistic, in his claims that the Indians were destroyed by civilization.

His pessimism can perhaps be accounted for in that his entire youth and boyhood was encompassed by a gloomy and dreamy melancholy due to the financial situation of the family. During the rest of his life he proved to be a man of speculation rather than action, and his forlorn childhood thus left an impress in a certain reserve of character.

He too, formed strong prejudices. Perhaps he believed honestly because of his inherent pessimism that civilization did destroy the Indian race. He was a positive man and clearly expressed his own ideas. He "wrote most directly out of his own experience, observation, or reflection. His writings were the immediate out pourings of his thought, his expression of sentiment was genuine. What he gave to the public was the manifestation of himself."¹

1 William I. Paulding--Literary Life of James K. Paulding--
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CHAPTER VII

WASHINGTON IRVING

Hand in hand with the slow but steady growth of the American nation went the ever-growing wealth of American literature. To the early romantic legend of Pocahontas had been added valuable historical accounts, and true records of an advancing nation, with here and there a flight into the lighter veins of literature, poetry and fiction. Always present had been the American Indian lending color and romance, tragedy and doom to the pages of our literary collection as he had to the lives of the colonists. He appeared first as romantic and pathetic, changing, as the pages turned, to a dominating figure of hatred and passion, and again to the pitiful remnant of a once great race, as viewed through the eyes of our early American writers.

The first of these writers to gain literary recognition from world critics was Washington Irving, and it is interesting to note that it was the pathetic Indian and his trials which appeared on the pages of Irving's works. He sentimentalized the Indian quite as much as did Freneau. His interest

in frontier America induced him to tour the southwestern states and territories in 1832 as a result of which he wrote three books, A Tour on the Prairies (1835), Astoria (1836), and The Adventures of Captain Bonneville (1837). These three novels present to us Irving's conception of the Indian. However, his earlier work, The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayne, Gentleman, (1819-20) which brought Irving public fame, also contains references to the American Indian. One of the articles contained in the Sketch Book is entitled Traits of Indian Character. Irving believed that one trait which is generally attributed to the Indian is that he is formed for the wilderness, his nature being stern, simple, enduring. He held the opinion that the Indian was doubly wronged by the white men; he was persecuted and defamed because of his ignorance. Society had advanced upon the red men and had driven them backward and downward until they were a degenerate race. Irving describes this avalanche of the whites in hard terms. The poor Indians suffered wrongs and wretchedness; they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled, driven from their native abodes, hunted like wild beasts, and sent down to their graves by violence and butchery. "We are driven back," said an old warrior, "until we can retreat no farther;---our hatchets are broken, our bows are snapped, our fires are nearly extinguished.

--a little longer, and the white man will cease to persecute
us--for we shall cease to exist!"¹

Irving's reference to the Red Man appears again in Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian memoir, which is included in the same volume, Essays from the Sketch Book. Irving felt that it was a shame that the Indians had left no authentic traces of themselves, for he thought that they were "worthy of an age of Poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction."² In this essay, we hear the story of the Pilgrims, their arrival, their trying times, their aid from Massasoit. Irving emphasizes the fact that the great sachem didn't take advantage of the scanty numbers of the whites and put them out of his land, but instead extended to them a generous friendship and great hospitality. The early friendship of the Indians, their generosity and willingness to help, is made evident in Irving's portrayal of the noble Massasoit who remained a firm friend to the whites, allowed them to extend their possessions, and showed no signs of uneasiness or jealousy because they were taking some of his land.

Various incidents in Irving's works bear out his main theme, the mistreatment of the Indian. Among these, found in this essay is the story of Alexander who followed Massasoit.

1 Washington Irving--The Sketch Book--167

2 Ibid--170

The English accused him of plotting against them; he was seized and dragged into their courts where he became the victim of a raging fever and died.

Irving points out the apparent helplessness of the Indian to understand or combat forces which were gradually weakening them racially and physically. They needed a leader, a need which was realized with the coming to power of the lofty and ambitious Philip. "He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent."¹ He resolved to regain his lands but he was betrayed by Sausaman, a renegade Indian. Irving mentions the accounts of the war that followed which were recorded by Increase Mather---"who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, whilst he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites."² Though Philip has been considered as a murderer and traitor by the whites, Irving proves that he really was a true born prince, gallantly fighting; encouraging his subjects to avenge the wrongs; attempting to get back the power of their tribe; trying to save their native land from the usurpation of the whites.

1 Washington Irving--The Sketch Book--174, 175

2 Ibid--180

The essay carries us through the war and the defeat of Philip. "Defeated, but not dismayed--crushed to the earth, but not humiliated--he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness."¹

Irving characterizes Philip as a patriot, true to his soil; as a prince, true to his subjects and indignant of wrongs suffered; as a soldier, daring, firm, patient of fatigue and hunger, and ready to perish for his cause; as a proud man, with an intense love of natural liberty--who "went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest --without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."²

Turning now to Irving's Tour on the Prairies, we find that it was written in response to the public's expectations. It was based on his tour to the west in 1832. The public was interested in his wanderings and felt that Irving should record them. He had kept a memorandum book on his trip, and in response to the public's desire, he took from this book a section dealing with a month's foray in the wilderness, far beyond the realms of habitation.

The scene of the story was the Pawnee Hunting Grounds,

1 Washington Irving--The Sketch Book--194

2 Ibid--196

an uninhabited country of great grassy plains, forests, and groves, watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and tributary streams. The land was the hunting ground of various tribes.

Irving himself was in a party headed by the Commissioner of the United States government to superintend the settlement of Indian tribes migrating from the east to the west of the Mississippi. The party arrived at Fort Gibson and joined an exploring party. This new group visited the Osage Agency where Irving became acquainted with the Osages, whom he described as stately fellows, stern and simple in garb and aspect. They wore no ornaments and were equipped with a blanket, leggings, and moccasins. Their heads were bare and cropped in such a manner that they had a long scalp lock. Irving felt that they were the finest looking Indians in the west.

He became acquainted with the Creeks who were rather gaily dressed and Oriental in appearance. They wore calico hunting shirts of various brilliant colors with bright fringe. They also wore broad girdles embroidered with beads; leggings of deer skin; ornamented moccasins; and gaudy handkerchiefs on their heads.

In the following brief incident which occurred on their exploration trip, Irving tried to show the innate goodness of

of the Indian and the difficulties he ran into trying to be accepted by the whites as a man of honorable motives and peaceful desires. Irving and his party, in the course of the trip, came across an old campaigner of the prairies. He was very angry, for one of his horses was missing and he was certain that it had been stolen in the night by a party of Osages. As he was talking, a young Osage came by. He reported that a horse had wandered into their camp the night before and he was returning it. The old man expressed no gratitude; instead, he wanted to thrash the young Osage, for he still maintained that the Osage had stolen the horse to get a reward. "Such, however, is too often the administration of the law on the frontier, 'Lynch's law', as it is technically termed, in which the plaintiff is apt to be witness, jury, judge, and executioner, and the defendant to be convicted and punished on mere presumption; and in this way, I am convinced, are occasioned many of those heart-burnings and resentments among the Indians,¹ which lead to retaliation and end in Indian wars."

That the Indians were peace loving and gentle he proved in his description of an Osage village which the party visited. The old men came forward and shook hands with all; the women and children stared, chattered, and laughed; the young men were out hunting. "They are by no means the stoics that they are

1 Washington Irving--A Tour on the Prairies--386

represented; taciturn, unbinding, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men whose good-will they distrust and whose language they do not understand.¹ Irving saw them as everyday people who gossiped; talked of adventures in war and in the hunt; mimicked others; and entertained themselves at the expense of the whites. They were curious observers and when they were alone they would criticize, and satirize as would any other group of people. They were also, contrary to general opinion, capable of shedding tears, especially for their dead.

Irving found that the Osages had many superstitious rites and fancies, one of which was their belief in the existence of the soul after its separation from the body. As an example of this Irving tells of the actions of a warrior who had lost an only child, a beautiful girl. He buried all her playthings with her and killed her horse so that she might ride him in the land of the spirits.

Throughout the account Irving related no actual meeting of the Pawnees. He heard of them from stories told at camp fires at night, where he learned that they could shoot with unerring aim at three hundred yards and that they sheltered themselves from attacks of their enemy by hanging on one side of their horse.

1 Washington Irving--A Tour on the Prairies--394

Astoria is an account of the establishment of a fur trading station at the mouth of the Columbia River. It was promoted by John Astor who asked Irving whether he would write an account of the expedition. All the material that Irving used was given to him by Astor, who wanted the services that he had rendered to the country to become immortal because he felt that the national character and importance of his work had never been understood. He therefore, handed over to Irving all the journals and letters of the adventure by sea and land that had been employed. Irving was aided in this publication by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. The book as a whole is rambling and disjointed but in it Irving shows definitely that Indian outrages were the direct result of misunderstanding and failure on the part of the whites to deal fairly and honestly with the natives. The following is the account in brief:

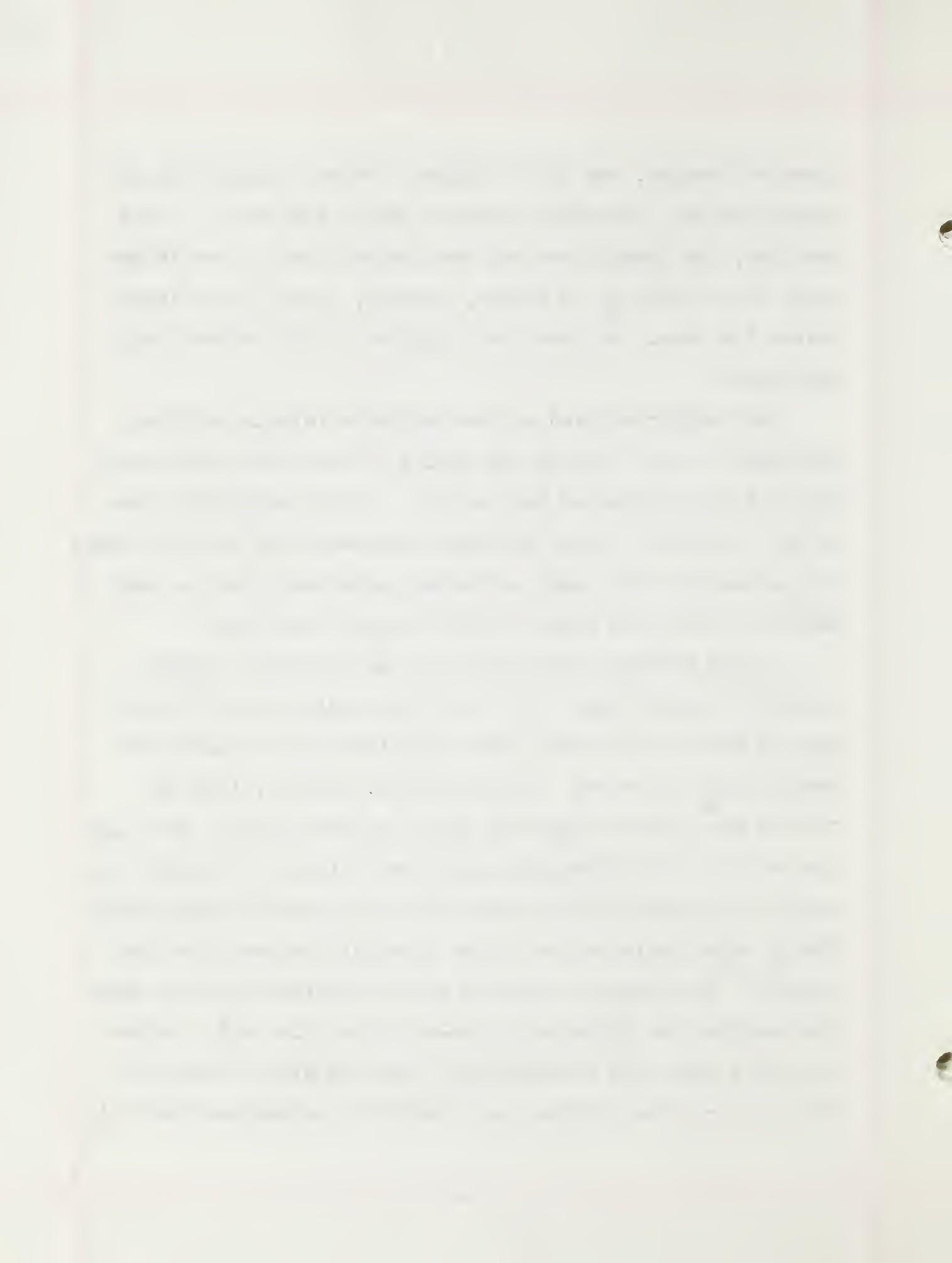
Astor's plan was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, the chief trading post to be at the mouth of the Columbia. The inferior posts of the interior were established to carry on trade with the Indians. To accomplish this plan, two expeditions were planned, one by sea and one by land.

The ship Tonquin was provided and Jonathan Thorn of New York, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, who was on a

leave of absence, was put in charge. He was a very firm and courageous man. The ship, however, met a sad fate. On one June day, the Tonquin set out from Astoria and in one of the outer bays picked up an Indian, Lamazee, to act as an interpreter for them. He knew the languages of the tribes along the coast.

The Tonquin arrived at the Vancouver Islands and Thorn anchored the ship against the advice of the Indian who warned him of the character of the natives. Thorn paid little heed to him. That day canoes came out with sea otter skins to sell; it was too late for trade and McKay and a few other men went ashore to visit the chief. They remained overnight.

In the morning, before the men had returned, a great number of natives came out to the ship again in their canoes for the purpose of trade. Thorn invited them on board and spread forth his wares. He discovered, however, that the Indians were not so eager and simple to trade with. They had learned the art of bargaining and were guided by a shrewd old chief; they asked for more than double that which was offered. Thorn lacked patience for he had a certain contempt for the savages. He refused to bargain and the Indians began to jeer. "He snatched the proffered otter-skin from his hands, rubbed it in his face, and dismissed him over the side of the ship with no very complimentary application to accelerate his exit.



He then kicked the peltries to the right and left about the deck, and broke up the market ¹ in the most ignominious manner.["]

Lamazee advised Thorn to sail when McKay returned but they paid small attention to him. A day later, twenty Indians appeared for trade. They were friendly and unarmed. They showed their otter skins and were allowed on board. In a short time, many more canoes appeared, and Indians clamored all over the deck. They were secretly armed. A hurried trade was begun. Suddenly a signal yell was given and the savages made a grand rush on their victims. The crew was outnumbered and mercilessly butchered. Only five escaped and they succeeded in barricading themselves in the captain's cabin.

The next day, Lewis, one of the survivors, beckoned to the savages, inviting them on board. When they arrived, very cautiously to be sure, they discovered no one on deck. Other canoes came, for all the natives wanted to get some reward. The decks were soon swarming with savages intent on plunder. In the midst of it all, the ship blew up. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air. It was a dreadful havoc; one hundred savages were destroyed; many more were shockingly mutilated. This was Lewis' revenge.

The other four sailors escaped the first night, and when the savages found them, they were cruelly tortured. Lamazee,

¹ Washington Irving--Astoria--160

disguised as one of the natives, escaped and reported the tale.

Irving gives various accounts of the experiences of an expedition led by Wilson Hunt as they made their way through Indian country to the Pacific coast, and he commented on Indian hostility. "They were in continual war with each other, and their wars were of the most harassing kind; consisting, not merely of main conflicts and expeditions of moment, involving the sackings, burnings, and massacres of towns and villages, but of individual acts of treachery, murder, and cold-blooded cruelty; or of vaunting and fool-hardy exploits of single warriors, either to avenge some personal wrong, or gain the vainglorious trophy of a scalp. The lonely hunter, the wandering wayfarer, the poor squaw cutting wood or gathering corn, was liable to be surprised and slaughtered. In this way tribes were either swept away at once, or gradually thinned out, and savage life was surrounded with constant horrors and alarms."¹

Irving gives an account of Omahas, who felt that they were the most powerful and perfect tribe, with everything created for their especial use. Blackbird was their chief and there were many savage and romantic tales circulated about him. He enriched himself and the white traders at the expense of his own people. When they saw through him and attempted to

1 Washington Irving--Astoria--228

revolt against him, he learned the powers of arsenic and used it. He impressed his people with the possession of the powers of prophecy and he held the disposal of life and death in his hands. He fought savage battles against the Ottoes and Pawnees. While he was a terrible savage, he was, at the same time, sensible of female beauty. At one time he was warring against a Ponca chief. The chief sent out two of his warriors to sue for peace but Blackbird had them shot down. Ponca then sent out his most beautiful daughter arrayed in her finest ornaments. Her charms touched Blackbird's heart and she obtained the first place among all his wives. In a rage one day, he killed her and then brooded over her death. He himself, was finally taken by the curse of small pox. He loved the white people and wanted to be buried on a summit of a hill overlooking the Missouri so that he might see the barks of the white men coming up to trade.

The Adventures of Captain Bonneville in many respects repeats Astoria in that Bonneville covered the same area and met the same tribes of Indians in the Northwest. For example, we meet the Crow Indians, "one of the most roving, warlike, crafty, and predatory tribes of the mountains; horse-stealers of the first order, and easily provoked to acts of sanguinary violence."¹

1 Washington Irving--Captain Bonneville--64

We hear the story of Kosato and are shown a picture of deep strong passions that work in the bosom of these miscalled stoics.

"You see my wife," said he: "she is good; she is beautiful--I love her. Yet, she has been the cause of all my troubles. She was the wife of my chief. I loved her more than he did; and she knew it. We talked together; we laughed together; we were always seeking each other's society; but we were as innocent as children. The chief grew jealous, and commanded her to speak with me no more. His heart became hard towards her; his jealousy grew more furious. He beat her without cause and without mercy; and threatened to kill her outright."¹ He proceeded to persecute Kosato and made him a degraded warrior. It was all wrong and outrageous, and Kosa told his chief and told his love about it. They fled together and found refuge in another tribe. The tribe was good, kind, and honest. They were a peaceful tribe not like his former tribe and Kosato felt that they had the hearts of women.

Washington Irving sympathized deeply with the Indian and laid the blame for his pathetic struggles where he thought it rightly belonged--on the white men. The had kindled in the veins of the Red Men fires of scorn and hatred which would never die out but continue to break forth just so long as the

¹ Washington Irving--Captain Bonneville--165

Indian could gather forces sufficiently large to combat his enemy. Irving leaves us with a portrait of the Red Man, undefeated, still struggling, but pathetically sad.

This interest in the Indian was not outstanding in Irving's life, but it began quite early. In 1802 as he served as a clerk in the law office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman he often made trips. He and Hoffman at one time took a difficult woods journey to Ogdensburg and Montreal. On this trip Irving not only "roughed it" but he met the Red Man. It is interesting to note that the Red Man "was not attractive to him, but his unjust treatment by our government aroused his indignation ¹ not many years after."

The indignation of such injustice plus his poetic temperament and idealistic nature influenced Irving's portrayal of the Indian. His personal characteristics repeated themselves in his selection of Indian characteristics as described in his works. His artistic temperament led him to be humanely sympathetic and his love of humanity and simple faith in God was evidenced in his brotherly treatment of his fellowmen, red or white. His love of the picturesque and of adventure coupled with his keenness of observation and his intense love of country made him an apt and accurate recorder of the happenings and thought of his time.

1 Charles Warner--Studies of Irving--19

CHAPTER VIII

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As the scope of our early American literature increased, more writers were influenced to look upon the vanishing Indian in a more favorable light. Being true writers, they recognized in the Red Man an immortal figure representative of something which would be soon lost forever unless captured by the willing pens of minds not prejudiced by bare facts but open to ideas and suggestions that would enrich the volumes of American literary creations.

Freneau and Irving had grasped this idea and their works portray that first and only real American, the Indian, in a manner which gives him immortal fame. William C. Bryant, following in their footsteps, watched the stalwart form of the Indian growing dimmer with each backward step he took, slowly vanishing from his beloved haunts. To Bryant he was more than pathetic; he was symbolic of romance in a setting at once the most glorious of any--the great stretches of the majestic west with its vast plains, rolling mountains, and peaceful valleys. It is against this background that Bryant visualized

the Indian who lives again in his poetry, a creature capable of human desires and weaknesses.

The Indian Girl's Lament is beautiful in its graceful and artistic writing. The poem depicts an Indian girl sitting at the grave of her lover, weeping and singing a sad song. In her lament, she tells the deceased that it was she who pulled the shrubs away from his grave and broke the forest boughs that threw shadows on the grave. She had embroidered his moccasins and laid his bow and arrows near his cold hand; she had crossed the wampum belts on his breast and wrapped him in bison's hide; she had brought him food and prepared him for the land of the spirits and knew that he was happy in the land of light with the good and the brave.

"Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid

Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray--

To her who sits where thou wert laid,

And weeps the hours away,

Yet almost can her grief forget,

To think that thou dost love her yet

. . .

And thou dost wait and watch to meet

My spirit sent to join the blessed,

And, wondering what detains my feet

From that bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

An Indian Story tells the sad tale of the hunter Maquon. Maquon, on his way to the hunting ground, sings happily of his animal friends and the May flowers. He knows the haunts of a timid fawn and the spots where the early violets grow. He is happy because he is on his way to capture a red deer as a gift for his bride. That evening on his way home, he suddenly stops outside of their bower for he sees strange tracks along the ground. He puts his burden down, notices that the vines are torn, and anxiously calls his bride. When he discovers she is missing, he arms himself with his war axe and bows and arrows and follows the tracks. It is late fall before she is safely back at his hearth, her abductor buried in the woods.

An Indian at the Burial Place of His Fathers clearly shows Bryant's views of the vanishing Indian.

It is the spot I came to seek--

My father's ancient burial place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot--I know it well--

Of which our old traditions tell.

• • •

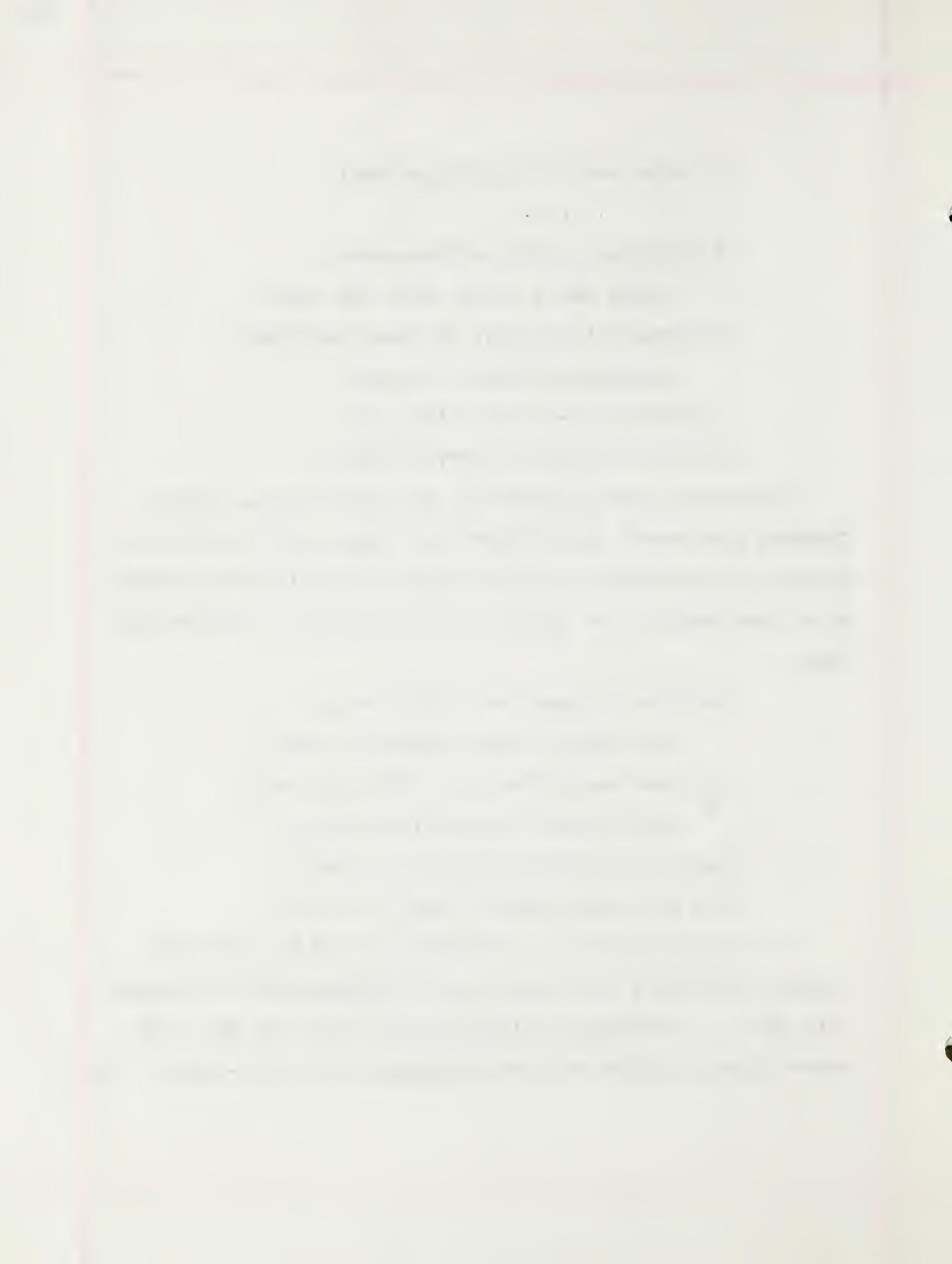
A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.

I like it not--I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The Indian lamented over the fact that sheep, cattle, farmers, and horses trampled over the land. He felt that it would be so much better if the woods were filled with animals as of yore ready to be hunted by the forest hero trained for wars.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

He lamented over the fact that the bank in which the Indians had buried their dead and held sacred was now planted with wheat. The Indians little thought that some day their sacred burying place would be ploughed by the pale-faces. The



Indian tribes had shrunk; the whites had filled the land and
the Indians were being driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed,
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

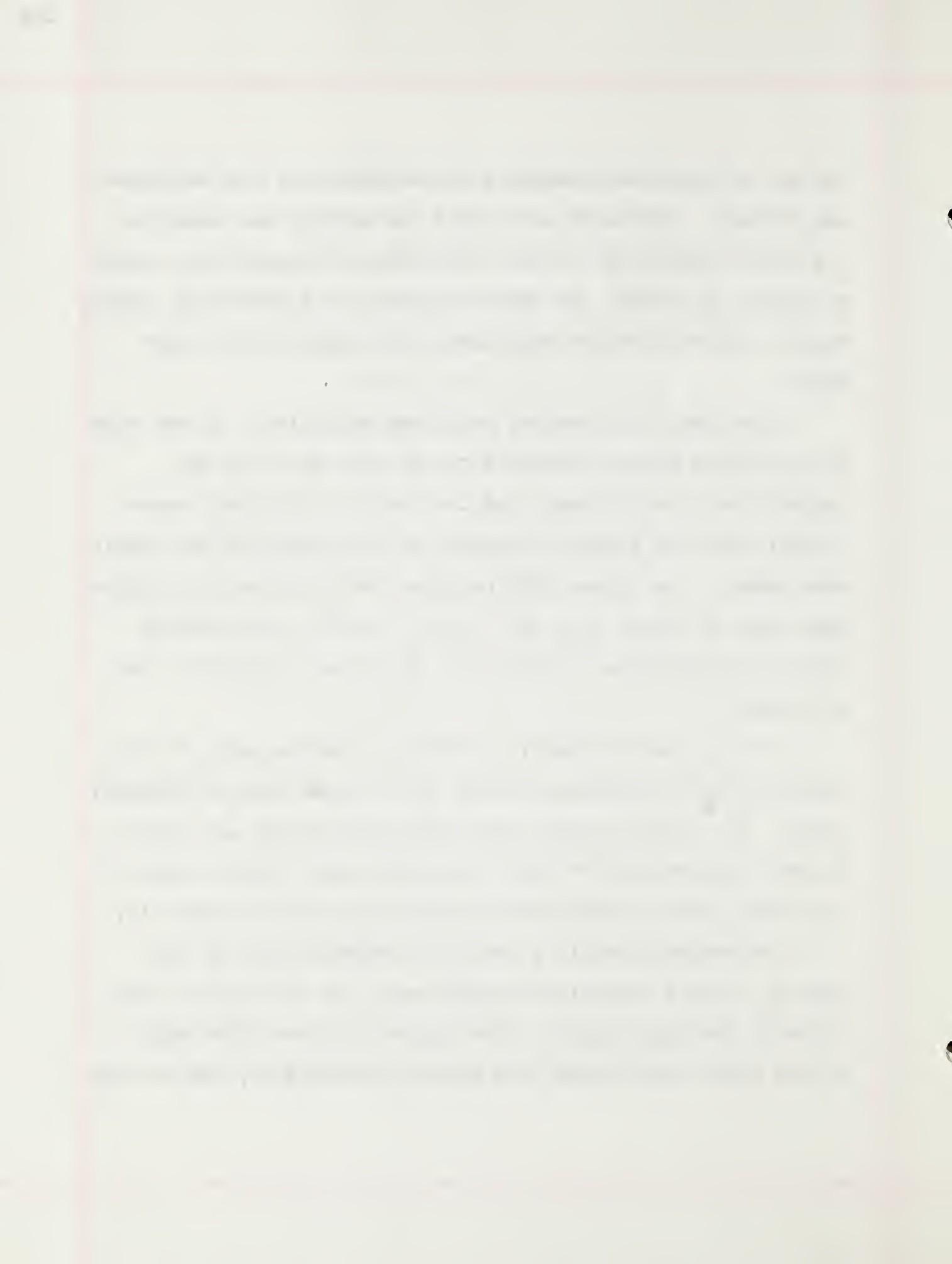
The Monument Mountain is claimed to be the noblest of all
Bryant's aboriginal poems. In this poem Bryant brings us to

the top of the Rocky Mountains to see Nature at her loveliest and wildest. Far below are spread the majesty and beauty of the earth, the haunts of men, the rolling forests-tops, glens, villages, and roads. He calls attention to a precipice, steep, shaggy, and wild on the west side; sheer drops on the east side.

A sad tale is connected with this precipice. At one time there lived a happy, beautiful Indian maid who sang and laughed the livelong day. She fell in love with her cousin but her love was deemed incestuous by her tribe and her happiness waned. The luster left her eye, her step lost its lightness; she no longer sang and laughed; she no longer danced with the other Indian maidens, and she cried constantly when by herself.

One day she confided in a friend. She was sick of life; she hated the pastimes and toils of life that she had formerly loved. At night it seemed that her mother chided and called to her from the land of souls; she felt that everyone knew of her shame; she had come to the conclusion that she must die.

She dressed herself in all her ornaments one day and went to the old precipice on which were the offerings of the tribe to the Great Spirit. She looked down upon the region of her tribe, the waters, the forests, the glades, the village,



her own home, and the home of her lover. She wept silently and threw herself off the edge of the cliff. Her tribe buried her on the mountain slope in her fine clothes and built a single cone monument of small stones. Everyone who passed laid a stone there. Thus the mountain received its name, Mountain of the Monument.

The Disinterred Warrior follows the line of thought seen in the Burial Place. Bryant wants the warrior put back into the grave and deep reverence paid to him.

Then they were kind--the forests here,
Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.

Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way;
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.

Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,

Our lovers woo beneath their moon--

Then let us spare, at least, their graves.

In The Prairies Bryant again refers to the Indian. The poem itself follows a power of suggestion and of rapid generalization. It presents a series of pictures--"pictures in which breadth and vigour of treatment and exquisite delicacy of detail are everywhere harmoniously blended, and the unity of pure art is attained."¹

Bryant describes the prairies as a noble, lovely scene and as he rides over the prairies, he thinks of the dead of other days, the mound-builders, and then--

The red man came--

The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,

And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.

. . .

Thus arise

Races of living things, glorious in strength

And perish, as the quickening breath of God

Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,

Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,

And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought

A wilder hunting-ground.

A Legend of the Delawares is simply an Indian legend

¹ Richard H. Stoddard--Memoir in Poetical Works of William C. Bryant--Roslyn Edition--xxv

passed on among the tribe of the Delawares. At one time a great thunder storm occurred, during which a large oak tree fell. When the storm was over, Onetho, a Delaware hunter, found a polished bow beneath the tree. He picked it up and carried it home. An aged chief warned him to put it back where he had found it, but because it brought him such perfect marksmanship, Onetho kept it. His fame spread, and his good fortune, for he sat at the council with all the wise men and married a fair bride. A year later, however, another terrible storm occurred. Onetho didn't return home and he was later found senseless in the woods; he had been killed by the lightning. They buried him with his axe and arrows but he had no bow.

"Too soon he died; it is not well"--

The old men murmured, standing nigh

"That we, who in the forest dwell,

Should wield the weapons of the sky."

Bryant's own characteristics reveal his attitude toward the Red Man. "Bryant always held in view liberty, law, wisdom, piety, faith; his sentiment was unsentimental; he never whined nor found fault with condition or nature; he was robust, but not tyrannical; frugal, but not too severe; grave, yet full of shrewd and kindly humor."¹ "From the very first he was in

1 Edmund Clarence Stedman--Poets of America--64

sympathy with the aspect, atmosphere, feeling, of his own country."¹

The wild beauty of the open prairies, the majesty of mountains, the abundant wild life of the great forests, and nature in all her glory, to Bryant were symbolic of the homelands of the Red Man. They had belonged to him once; he had lost them to the whites; for that reason alone, if for no other, he was truly pathetic.

¹ Edmund Clarence Stedman--Poets of America--66

CHAPTER IX

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Early American writers have dealt both kindly and harshly with the Indian as he appeared in the pages of their works, and almost invariably their treatment reflects the attitude and sympathies of the peoples who dwelt in the towns and villages adjacent to the domains of the Red Men. We have seen him a romantic figure in the Pocahontas legend; a defiant savage in the historical accounts and records of early New England; a noble creature of high ideals in the poetic works of Freneau, Sands, Eastman, and Bryant; and a powerful force in the fiction of Brown and Irving. To learn of the Indian in all his majesty and treachery, portrayed in all his vices and virtues, however, we must turn to the works of James Fenimore Cooper, the greatest of all Indian writers, for he neither condones their faults and vices, nor lauds their noble feats and high ideals. His primary purpose seems to have been to create a faithful representation of the Indian revealing him, as ruthless, cunning, and revengeful in combat, and generous, hospitable, and just in peace. His works are ample

proof that his purpose was successfully and creditably achieved.

Cooper is noted for his treatment of the Red Man which has been the focus point of much criticism; some scholars uphold his treatment; other critics condemn Cooper for his noble savage. But, "his Indians, whatever their authenticity, are securely established in the world's romantic memory as a picture of those belated and unfortunate men of the stone age who were fated to oppose the ruthless advance of a more complex civilization."¹ Yet some feel and declare that the Indians are not natural. "It must always be borne in mind that a novelist labors under a disadvantage when he is drawing human nature, which he does not have when he is painting nature's scenery; as a matter of necessity, he must exaggerate, or as they term it, idealize the living characters in his works."²

Cooper's Indians are charged as being unreal and creatures of romance. The American Indian is indeed romantic; he is distinctly different from the whites and some of his qualities may be said to be superior to those of the white man. The story of his fate throws not only a romantic admiration upon him but a romantic pity as well. "Cooper said little if anything of the Indians that was not strictly true. He paints

1 Vernon L. Parrington--The Romantic Revolution--39

2 Thomas Powell--Living Authors of America--13

the savage's treachery and cruelty in unequivocal colors; even his "good Indians" have the traits that set them off from the white man's complete sympathy. And the good Indians themselves,¹ Chingachgook and Uncas are shown to be singular exceptions."² Parrington said of him--"that Cooper unconsciously romanticized the past is only too evident. Too often he accepted its self-proclaimed virtues as sober fact and created a race of squires that never existed outside his pages."

Perhaps the main reason why Cooper wrote on the Indian was that he had a profound passion for the wilderness. This love began when he was a young boy. His father bought a large tract of land in western New York which bordered on the wilderness and frontier. He brought his family to the settlement, Cooperstown, and here his young son became acquainted with the wilderness and frontier toward which he developed an almost romantic devotion. His novels of the frontier world are therefore exceptional because he knew his material. He intensely loved the settlement, Cooperstown. "Undoubtedly the subtlest and perhaps the strongest influence of those years was nature, as it lay about him. Those particular regions, that peculiarly American landscape, took hold of him in a way quite unmatched in our literature. . . . It was in these scenes of

1 John Erskine--Leading American Novelists--123

2 Vernon L. Parrington--The Romantic Revolution--230

his boyhood that he laid his greatest stories, because, as he said, he loved no other scenes so well.¹" Because he had such a deep love for his country, he wanted his readers, both here and in foreign countries to see America honorably. His greatest desire was to immortalize America.

Cooper can justly be called a great idealist. He was filled with his great theme, his romantic dream, and he carried it out in symbolic loveliness of beauty and nature. He evidently was influenced with Rousseauistic thoughts of a perfect society obtained by going back to nature. He himself was more or less a child of Nature. In the midst of worldly conventions, he stood out as a survival of a past age, living in a dream world. Examples of this could be seen in his own life. He never really could adapt himself to the social order around him. To him it was too artificial. After his seven year trip abroad, this dream of his became more vital. When he returned to America, he was bitterly disappointed in what he saw in Americans. It became repulsive in that it clashed with his dream world. He had to speak right out and express his feelings. As a result, he became involved in feuds with the press, and the entire nation was displeased with him. "This could only happen to a man who cannot accommodate himself to circumstances, who does not allow his convictions to

1 John Erskine--Leading American Novelists--51

be circumscribed, who must live his life in his own way. Hence his comprehension not only of Natty Bumppo, but likewise of the Indians.¹ "It is safe to say that the picture which the novelist drew of Indian and pioneer life was almost as romantic to him as it is to us. . . . He was too late for first hand observation of his Indians in anything resembling their native state; but he was likewise too early for accurate historical and scientific knowledge of their racial characteristics and backgrounds. His Indians are, therefore, transmuted white men, "gone native", and restored to their vanishing wilderness.²" Thus we see Cooper's longing for the dreamed of golden age of primitive life expressed. His thoughts came directly from Rousseau's sentimental visions. The readers of the time had the same views, too. "For that generation, keyed to the glad tidings of a return to primitiveness, Natty Bumppo, a hunter living among the redskins, averse to all polish but imbued with the noblest humanity, was the embodiment of their ideal of a man who owes all to nature,³ nothing to civilization."

Cooper again is really not a prose writer but a poetic writer. He treated his subject, the Red Man, with a poetic

1 Leon Kellner--American Literature--36

2 Robert E. Speller--Critic of His Times--11

3 Leon Kellner--American Literature--35

air. "It is poetic justice that those red savages, unjustly as they were dealt with while alive should be a little honored with a chivalrous reputation when dead or conquered. In this manner all peoples remember their ancient defeated enemies. And later studies of the eastern Indians, have shown clearly enough that the race possessed, if not exactly the qualities Cooper ascribed to them, at least a fineness and elevation of mind which are closer to Cooper's representation of them than to the picture as corrected by subsequent critics who called the Indians squalid devils."¹ Naturally a man of Cooper's poetic temperament would see the Red Man in a different light than the ordinary person.

But is Cooper an out and out poet? He had creative genius; the ability to portray people artistically; but only in a small way. "But he possessed to a rare degree those attributes which are common to all original imaginative writers; a highly developed sensibility for all of nature's phenomena; the most acute, even if unconscious, power of observation, which seizes every detail; finally the faculty of thinking in images. These advantages were enjoyed by Natty Bumppo, who obtained them from his creator Cooper. . . . The changing moods of woods and wilds in the Leatherstocking Tales are lyric masterpieces and these alone would entitle Cooper

1 Vernon L. Parrington--The Romantic Revolution--39

to the name of poet."¹ Throughout his famous Tales we see Cooper painting memories of the forests, lakes, the landscape of his loved country! He indeed had a poet's eye to see this natural beauty.

Cooper's study of the Indians was not formed hastily or as a result of prejudice. Any information that would throw light on the character of the Indian was studied by him diligently. He visited, too, the deputations from the various tribes that passed through New York on their way to Washington. One must not assume that he had first hand material of Indian life. The land to which he came was no longer a real wilderness. The retreat of the Indians had been completed. It has already been pointed out that he was too late to observe the Indian in his natural state. He only heard stories of them from his father and other frontier men, and he saw only roving bands of degenerate Indians passing. However, he did considerable reading about Indian life. His primary source was An Account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations who Inhabited Pennsylvania and the Neighboring States. The author, Rev. John Heckewelder, was a missionary among the Delawares and Mohegans. His account was a favorable picture and proved to be the source of Cooper's knowledge of primitive life. This information deeply concerned his imagination. He

found Indian relics in the neighborhood; he learned of criticisms against the Indians. Cooper used all methods to become more familiar with the Red Man and his savage state of grandeur. He wrote at a time when the Indians had not entirely passed away and he was near enough to the times and people to get the proper atmosphere but far enough away to get the right perspective.

Cooper became the story-teller of American woods and waters. He was consistently American for he "created an American literature out of American materials, a literature which had in it no echoes of Europe."¹ He used American material but it was all familiar to him. "He had American character, which he stamped on everything he wrote and which he made familiar to all peoples. Through his pages our gaunt pine forests, our charmed lakes, and our mysterious prairies were added once and for all to the geography of the human imagination; in his stories a romantic and fast dying race were rescued to the remembrance of every reading nation, so that through him boyhood the world over "plays Indian"; he created the most typical figure in the novel of his age, the frontiersman, and setting him on the most romantic border our civilization recalls, endowed him with American ideals of justice and efficiency, and with something of American

1 William L. Phelps--Some Makers of American Literature--45

¹
fatalism."

Cooper brings the Red Man into several of his novels but because his fame rests on The Leatherstocking Tales, my study shall deal with the Indian as seen in these novels. The Tales include five novels, the first three of which were written within five years, 1823-27, and after an interval of thirteen years, the last two followed with only a year between them. They were not written with any order in mind but were placed in the series after they were all written: The Deerslayer; The Last of the Mohicans; The Pathfinder; The Pioneers; and The Prairie. The leading character of course is Leatherstocking, purely a creation of Cooper's, and Cooper has been attacked not only for his Indians but for his ideal scout as well. He gave his own answer to these critics in his preface to the Leatherstocking Tales. "It has been objected to these books that they give a more favorable picture of the red man than he deserves." The writer apprehends that much of this objection arises from the habits of those who have made it. One of his critics, on the appearance of the first work in which Indian character was portrayed, objected that its "characters were Indians of the school of Heckewelder rather than of the school of nature." These words quite probably contain the substance of the true answer to the

objection. Heckewelder was an ardent, benevolent missionary, bent on the good of the red man, and seeing in him one who had the soul, reason, and characteristics of a fellow-being. The critic is understood to have been a very distinguished agent of the government, one very familiar with Indians, as they are seen at the councils to treat for the sale of their lands, where little or none of their domestic qualities come in play, and where, indeed, their evil passions are known to have the fullest scope. As just would it be to draw conclusions of the general state of American society from the scenes of the capital, as to suppose that the negotiating of one of these treaties is a fair picture of Indian life.

"It is the privilege of all writers of fiction, more particularly when their works aspire to the elevation of romance, to present the beau ideal of their characters to the readers.

"This it is which constitutes poetry, and to suppose that the red-man is to be represented only in the squalid misery or in the degraded moral state that certainly more or less belongs to his condition, is, we apprehend, taking a very narrow view of an author's privileges. Such criticisms would have deprived the world of even Homer."¹

We call the Indians savages because their manners

1 James Fenimore Cooper--Leatherstocking Tales--Preface lx

differed from ours. We think that we live in a perfect civilization and so did they. Cooper attempted to show in his romantic novels the adventurous spirit of this race; to picture the North American Indian in all his majesty and treachery.

The Deerslayer 1841, presents for the first time Natty Bumppo as a young hunter. The story takes place in the eighteenth century a few years before the French and Indian wars. Thomas Hutter builds a strange structure in the lake of Otsego, inaccessible except by boat, in which he and his two daughters, Hetty, a feeble-minded girl, and Judith, a beautiful brunette, lived. Besides building this castle, he built an ark for the purposes of trapping and hunting.

On a certain day, two adventurers appeared. They were Hurry Harry, who had come to warn the Hutters of the nearness of the French and their Iroquois allies, and Natty Bumppo, who was on his way to meet his friend Chingachgook, son of chief Uncas of the Mohicans, noblest of the Delaware tribes, to fight with the English and to search for the Indian's sweetheart, Hist. She had been stolen by a Mohican renegade and carried to an Iroquois band.

They found the castle deserted and found the Hutters on the ark. They joined the Hutters and the party went through

many adventures; an Indian attack; the ransoming of Hutter and Harry from the Indians; more attacks of Indians; the rescue of Hist; the taking of Deerslayer as a prisoner, his escape, his torture, his recapture, and his rescue by Chingachgook and the British soldiers.

In this book we see a loyalty of friendship displayed both by Natty and Chingachgook.

"And who is this Chingachgook, of whom you talk so much, Deerslayer?" asked Hurry, as he moved off in the direction of the righted sapling; "loping red-skin, at the best, I make no question."

"Not so, Hurry, but the best of loping red-skins, as you call 'em. If he had his rights, he would be a great chief; but, as it is, he is only a brave and just-minded Delaware; respected, and even obeyed in some things, 'tis true, but of a fallen race, and belonging to a fallen people. Ah! Harry March, 'twould warm the heart within you to sit in their lodges of a winter's night, and listen to the traditions of the ancient greatness and power of the Mohicans!"

"Harkee, fr'nd Nathaniel," said Hurry, stopping short to face his companion, in order that his words might carry weight with them; "if a man believed all that other people choose to say in their own favor, he might get an oversized opinion of

himself. These red-skins are notable boasters, and I set down more than half of their traditions as pure talk."

"There is truth in what you say, Hurry, I'll not deny it, for I've seen it, and believe it. They do boast, but then it is a gift from natur'; and it's sinful to withstand nat'r'al gifts."¹

In another scene Chingachgook insists on helping the Deerslayer escape from the Mingos and the Deerslayer tries to convey to his friend that it would do no good.

"Listen, Deerslayer," returned the Indian, with an emphasis so decided as to show how much he was in earnest. "If Chingachgook was in the hands of the Hurons, what would my pale-face brother do? Sneak off to the Delaware villages, and say to the chiefs, and old men, and young warriors-- 'See; here is Wah-ta!--wah; she is safe, but a little tired; and here is the son of Uncas, not as tired as the Honeysuckle, being stronger, but just as safe?' Would he do this?".....

"My brother is not himself; he forgets that he is talking to one who has sat at the council-fires of his nations," returned the other, kindly. "When men speak, they should say that which does not go in at one side of the head, and out at the other. Their words shouldn't be feathers, so light that a wind, which does not ruffle the water, can blow them away.

¹ James F. Cooper--The Deerslayer--14

He has not answered my question; when a chief puts a question,
¹
 his friend should not talk of other things."

In another passage we see how Indian stoicism is conquered by astonishment and delight, when Leatherstocking presents an ivory elephant to the Indian Iroquois boy for the ransom of Hutter and Hurry.

"Up to this moment, this youthful savage had not expressed a single intelligible emotion or fancy. There were many things in and about the place that were novelties to him, but he had maintained his self-command with philosophical composure. . . . The instant, however, the eyes of the savage fell upon the wrought ivory, and the images of the wonderful, unknown beasts, surprise and admiration got the mastery of him. . . . The young Iroquois, or Huron, permitted an exclamation of rapture to escape him, and then he checked himself, like one who had been guilty of an indecorum. After this, his eye ceased to wander, but became riveted on the elephants, one of which,
²
 after a short hesitation, he even presumed to handle."

Cooper's attitude toward the Red Man is that of an unprejudiced philosopher. This is seen in the following passage:

"Here's three colors on 'arth; white, black, and red. White is the highest color, and therefore the best man; black

1 James F. Cooper--The Deerslayer--189

2 Ibid--100

comes nest, and is put to live in the neighborhood of the white man, as tolerable, and fit to be made use of; and red comes last, which shows that those that made 'em never expect an Indian to be accounted as more than half human.

"God made all three alike, Hurry."

"Alike ! Do you call a nigger like a white man, or me like an Indian?"

"You go off at half-cock, and don't hear me out. God made us all, white, black, and red; and, no doubt, had his own wise intentions in coloring us differently. Still, he made us, in the main, much the same in feelin's; though I'll not deny that he gave each race its gifts. A white man's gifts are Christinized, while a red-skin's are more for the wilderness. Thus, it would be a great offence for a white man to scalp the dead; whereas it's a signal vartue in an Indian. Then, ag'in, a white man cannot amboosh women and children in war, while a red-skin may. 'Tis cruel work, I'll allow; but for them it's ¹ lawful work; while for us it would be grievous work."

This is a humanitarian sentiment that we are all descended from one Father. Natty is not superior to his friend Chingachgook because of his white color. This is considered contrary to the usual white man's feeling. Why does Cooper have this attitude? He knew enough about Indian virtues. They

¹ James F. Cooper--The Deerslayer--21

might have resorted to scalping and other brutalities, but they had virtues too, such as hospitality and self-sacrifice for a friend as we have already seen in Chingachgook.

While making an excursion with a party of young men to Saratoga and Lake George in 1824, Cooper was urged to lay the scene of a story here. The result was the brilliant novel, The Last of the Mohicans. The story takes place in the time of the French and Indian Wars. It opens with Leatherstocking, Chingachgook, and Uncas on the watch for Montcalm, the French general, who was advancing through the woods with savage allies to capture the British Fort William Henry on Lake George. Uncas was the son of Chingachgook and was a perfect ideal of the American Indian. He represented the last of his race, the Mohicans.

A white party which approached was made up of a British officer, Major Duncan Heyward, who was conducting the two daughters of Colonel Munro, commander at Fort William Henry, to their father; and one David Gamut, a singing master. Our three friends undertook to guide this party to the fort but they were way-laid by an attack of the Mingos. When they ran out of powder, the three left the party to get aid from the fort. While they were gone, the Indians captured the two girls, Heyward, and the singing master. Magua, the leader,

wanted Cora, the dark-haired beauty for his squaw. They were saved again by Leatherstocking who led them safely to the fort.

The fort was lost to the British but Montcalm allowed them to march out. They were out of his jurisdiction and were suddenly attacked by two thousand savages. Again Magua took the girls and the singing master. Through beautiful disguise work on the part of Heyward as a French scout, and Leatherstocking as a bear, Alice is rescued. The deceptions were soon discovered and the Hurons were on their trail. They all escaped to the Delawares where Cora had been laced. The venerable chief, Tamenund, pointed out to the people that Uncas was their rightful chief.

Magua appeared the next day and demanded his prisoner, Cora. She was released but the whole Delaware tribe fought the Hurons as a result. The tragic death of Cora and Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, brought the story to an end.

Cooper in this novel painted his picture of the noble savage in Uncas and Chingachgook. They were dignified and lofty yet at the same time he portrayed the degraded Indian in the person of Magua. The horrid slaughter by the savages is described vividly and artistically.

The book is given over to the vanishing race. Cooper himself in his introduction to the story tries to give his

readers a picture of the character of the North American Indian. "In war, he is daring, boastful, cunning, ruthless, self-denying, and self-devoted; in peace, just, generous, hospitable, revengeful, superstitious, modest, and commonly chaste. These are qualities, it is true, which do not distinguish all alike; but they are so far the predominating traits of these remarkable people, as to be characteristic."¹ He goes on to say "of all the tribes named in these pages, there exist only a few half-civilized beings of the Oneidas, on the reservations of their people in New York. The rest have disappeared, either from the regions in which their fathers dwelt, or altogether from the earth."² Thus Cooper spoke of the vanishing race.

Out of the mouth of one of Cooper's greatest characterizations, Chingachgook, came words of truth dealing with the depredations against the red man.

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot, they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and

¹ James F. Cooper--The Last of the Mohicans--4

² Ibid--5

a sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers!"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers!--fallen, one by one; so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley; and, when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will no longer be any of the blood of the sagamores, for my boy is
the last of the Mohicans."¹

The story closes with the death of Uncas.

"Chingachgook grasped the hand that, in the warmth of feeling, the scout had stretched across the fresh earth, and in that attitude of friendship these two sturdy and intrepid woodsmen bowed their heads together, while scalding tears fell to their feet, watering the grave of Uncas like drops of falling rain.

"In the mist of the awful stillness with which such a burst of feeling, coming, as it did, from the two most renowned warriors of that region was received, Tamenund lifted his voice to disperse the multitude.

"It is enough," he said. "Go, children of the Lenape, the anger of the Manitto is not done. Why should Tamenund stay? The pale-faces are masters of the earth, and the time of the

1 James F. Cooper--The Last of the Mohicans--16

red men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans."¹

One phase of Indian character, that of their reverence for the mentally infirm, was seen when David Gamut protected Cora and Alice with his singing.

"If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp, and the words of sacred song, it may not be amiss," he said, "to try the potency of music here."

"Then raising his voice to its highest tones, he poured out a strain so powerful as to be heard even amid the din of that bloody field. More than one savage rushed toward them, thinking to rifle the unprotected sisters of their attire, and bear away their scalps, but when they found this strange and unmoved figure riveted to his post, they paused to listen. Astonishment soon changed to admiration, and they passed on to other and less courageous victims, openly expressing their satisfaction at the firmness with which the white warrior sang his death-song."²

The real power of the novel is its wealth of adventure. The plot can really be divided into two parts: the perilous

1 James F. Cooper--The Last of the Mohicans--174

2 Ibid--88

journey of the party to the fort and the pursuit of Magua.

The next story in the Leatherstocking Tales is The Pathfinder. Here the adventures take place in the forests on the southern shore of Lake Ontario and on the lake itself. Military life on one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence is depicted, too. Natty Bumppo reappears with his friend Chingachgook. Mabel Dunham, daughter of Sergeant Dunham of a regiment at Oswego, is journeying through the forests with her uncle Charles Cap with two Tuscarora Indians, Arrowhead and his wife Dew-in-June. They are met by the Pathfinder who conducts them safely to their destination. Dunham had a secret ambition of uniting Mabel and the Pathfinder.

Mabel and her uncle accompanied the Sergeant on an expedition to one of the islands. He himself had to leave the group on the island and attend to a secret mission. He took Natty and Chingachgook along with him. While he was gone, the Indians attacked the camp. June found safety in the block-house and the rest were taken prisoners.

Her father's expedition was successful and on his return to camp, the Indians once more attacked. It was discovered that Muir, the quartermaster who had accompanied Dunham, was a traitor. Dunham died as the result of wounds and entrusted

his daughter to the Pathfinder, who arranged the marriage of Mabel and Jasper.

In this novel, Cooper again reveals the outstanding characteristics of Indian warfare; the loyal friendship existing between Natty and Chingachgook; and he introduces Arrowhead, the Tuscarora chief, who displays Indian knowledge of the woods, and the quality of cunningness. These characteristics of Arrowhead are seen as he led Mabel and Cap to the fort. As they approached the party from the fort led by the Pathfinder, Arrowhead's quick eyes caught the sight of smoke, "and for quite a minute he stood, slightly raised on tiptoe, with distended nostrils, like the buck that scents a taint in the air, and a gaze as riveted as that of a trained pointer, while he waits his master's aim. . . . His countenance was calm, and his quick dark eagle-eye moved over the leafy panorama, as if to take in at a glance every circumstance that might enlighten his mind." And in answer to Cap's queries Arrowhead said "No Tuscaro--no Oneida--no Mohawk--pale-face fire." . . . "Wet wood. . . Much wet--much smoke; mush water-black smoke. . . Too much water. . . Tuscarora too cunning to make fire with water; pale-face too much book, and burn any thing; much book,
¹ little know." And Arrowhead proved to be right.

1 James F. Cooper--The Pathfinder--7

in which we have no right to interfere with the
other's business. This is the only way to get
any real sympathy from the other party. If you
have no money left but you still want to help
your wife or children, then you can do so by
telling her that you will give up your job
and go to work for her. This will show her
that you care about her and that you are willing
to do whatever it takes to help her. It will also
show her that you are a good provider and
that you are capable of taking care of your
family. This will help her to feel better about
the situation and will make her more
likely to listen to what you have to say.

Cooper portrays an Indian woman in the character of Dew-in-June. She was patient and submissive to Arrowhead and she seldom turned her eye on him but to express equally her respect, her dread and her love. She was always obedient. She became quite attached to Mabel and in spite of the fact that she knew Arrowhead loved Mabel, she came to her at the time of the Indian attack and told her to hide in the block-house.

"Block-house good place to sleep--good place to stay."

"Do you mean that I may save my life by keeping in the block-house, June? Surely, surely, Arrowhead will not hurt you for telling me that. He cannot wish me any great harm, for I never injured him."

"Arrowhead wish no harm to handsome pale-face," returned June, averting her face, and, though she always spoke in the soft gentle voice of an Indian girl, permitting its notes to fall so low as to cause them to sound melancholy and timid-- "Arrowhead love pale-face girl." . . . "Block-house very good; good for squaw. Block-house got no scalp."¹

Thus this Indian maid, who loved her man so deeply, did not hesitate to help a friend who had been kind to her. She did a kind deed knowing that the person she helped was loved by her Arrowhead.

The Pioneers, the fourth of the Leatherstocking Tales, represents the new settlement, or early settlement of Otsego County, New York about ten years after the Revolution. Cooper displays the ignorance of most of its inhabitants, and the confusion of society. "Cooper's Americanism, loyal as it was, never blinded him to the faults unavoidable in so new a country, and no later writer has portrayed with more merciless severity the meddlesome, officious sheriff, the quack physician who learns his profession by observing the results of his practice, the disreputable lawyer, and the incompetent builder."¹

Temple, a Quaker, is the wealthiest landholder in Otsego County and also served as judge of the county. He had acquired his wealth through the aid of his school mate, Edward Effingham, who disappeared at the close of the Revolution. Effingham had transferred his wealth to Temple when he joined the loyal army for safe keeping. When Effingham failed to return, Temple proceeded to buy up loyalist land at low prices and set himself up as a wealthy land-king. He had one daughter, Elizabeth, who was to inherit all his wealth.

The plot becomes rather involved with the appearance of Oliver Edwards, whom Temple employed as his secretary.

1 John Erskine--Leading American Novelists--67

With your permission, we would like to add a few more details about the project. We have been working on this project for over a year now, and we have made significant progress. We have developed a detailed plan for the project, and we are currently in the implementation phase. We have also identified several key partners who will help us achieve our goals. We believe that this project has the potential to make a significant impact on our community.

We are looking for your support to help us continue our work. We believe that your support will be instrumental in helping us to achieve our goals. We are grateful for your time and attention to this matter. We hope that you will consider supporting our project. We believe that this project has the potential to make a significant impact on our community. We are looking forward to your response.

All the judge knew about his employee was that he lived with Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook. Edwards accepted the position of secretary at Chingachgook's advice.

When a warrant was issued to search Bumppo's cabin for killing a deer out of season, Bumppo refused to let the sheriff in. He was put in jail but Edwards released him.

During a woods fire Edwards saved Elizabeth, and the old Mohegan was carried out by Leatherstocking. Here Chingachgook's end came; the last of the Mohegan chiefs died.

The following day the sheriff appeared to take Natty and those who helped him out of jail. But Natty opened his cabin and he carried out an old man who was in a chair. He proved to be old Major Effingham and Edwards was his grandson. Bumppo had been a servant in the Major's family and fought with him in campaigns in the west. The Major had been adopted by Chingachgook who named him Eagle and Edwards, the young Eagle. Temple received Edwards with great love, gave him half of his lands, and told the boy that the other half would probably follow speedily.

This tale does not have such elaborate accounts of the Indians' life and customs. Our friend Chingachgook appears as an old man, still faithful to Leatherstocking. In this tale he is known as Old John and he knew that death was at hand for

him. On one occasion Elizabeth met him and asked him for a willow basket. He was seated on the trunk of a fallen oak tree, and his whole body was colored with paint exhibiting an Indian warrior, prepared for some event of more than usual moment.

"John! how fare you, worthy John?" said Elizabeth as she approached him; "you have long been a stranger in the village. You promised me a willow basket, and I have long had a shirt of calico in readiness for you."

"The Indian looked steadily at her for some time without answering, and then, shaking his head, he replied, in his low, guttural tones:

"John's hand can make baskets no more--he wants no shirt."

"But if he should, he will know where to come for it," returned Miss Temple. "Indeed, old John, I feel as if you had a natural right to order what you will from us."

"Daughter," said the Indian, "listen: Six times ten hot summers have passed since John was young; tall like a pine; straight like the bullet of Hawk-eye; strong as a buffalo; spry as the cat of the mountain. He was strong, and a warrior like the Young Eagle. If his tribe wanted to track the Maguas for many suns, the eye of Chingachgook found the print of their moccasins. If the people feasted and were glad, as

they counted the scalps of their enemies, it was on his pole they hung. If the squaws cried because there was no meat for their children, he was the first in the chase. His bullet was swifter than the deer.--Daughter, then Chingachgook struck his tomahawk into the trees; it was to tell the lazy ones where to find him and the Mingoes--but he made no baskets."

"Those times have gone by, old warrior," returned Elizabeth; "since then your people have disappeared, and, in place of chasing your enemies, you have learned to fear God and to live at peace."

"Stand here, daughter, where you can see the great spring, the wigwams of your father, and the land on the crooked river. John was young when his tribe gave away the country, in council, from where the blue mountain stands above the water, to where the Susquehanna is hid by the trees. . . . Daughter, since John was young, he has seen the white man from Frontinac come down on his white brothers at Albany and fight. Did they fear God? He has seen his English and his American fathers burying their tomahawks in each other's brains, for this very land. Did they fear God, and live in peace? He has seen the land pass away from the Fire-eater, and his children, and the child of his child, and a new chief set over the country. Did they live in peace who did this? did they

fear God?"

"Such is the custom of the whites, John. Do not the Delewares fight, and exchange their lands for powder, and blankets, and merchandise?"

"Did they say to him, Brother, sell us your land, and take this gold, this silver, these blankets, these rifles, or even this rum? No, they tore it from him, as a scalp is torn from an enemy; and they that did it looked not behind them, to see whether he lived or died. Do such men live in peace, and fear the Great Spirit? . . . Daughter, the Great Spirit made your father with a white skin, and he made mine with a red; but he colored both their hearts with blood. When young it is swift and warm; but when old, it is still and cold. Is there difference below the skin? No. Once John had a woman. She was the mother of so many sons"--he raised his hand with three fingers elevated--"and she had daughters that would have made the young Delewares happy. She was kind, daughter, and what I said she did. You have different fashions; but do you think John did not love the wife of his youth--the mother of his children?"

"And what has become of your family, John, your wife and your children?" asked Elizabeth touched by the Indian's manner.

"Where is the ice that covered the great spring? It is melted, and gone with the waters. John has lived till all his people have left him for the lands of spirits; his time has come and he is ready. . . Daughter, the Great Spirit gave your father to know how to make guns and powder, that they might sweep the Indians from the land. There will soon be no redskins in the country. When John has gone, the last will leave these hills, and his family will be dead. . . But he will go to the country where his fathers have met. The game shall be plenty as the fish in the lakes. No woman shall cry for meat; no Mingo can ever come. The chase shall be for children; and all just red men shall live together as brothers."¹

Cooper shows through the words of Chingachgook the injustice done the Red Man by the whites; and in spite of all the unhappiness the Red Man has suffered, Chingachgook believes firmly that they will all be reunited in happiness in the happy hunting ground.

The Prairies presents Hawkeye or Leatherstocking as a venerable trapper of the prairies of the great west. He has been driven west by the sound of the ax of civilization, and seeks refuge on the plains. The plot is rather easy to follow. Ishmael Bush, a squatter, is moving with his family across the

1 James F. Cooper--The Pioneers--174, 175

plains to find a home suited to his lawless nature. He seems to be crowded westward by civilization as is Hawkeye. Abiram White, his villainous brother-in-law, has persuaded him to kidnap Inez and they keep her concealed in a wagon during the day and in a tent at night. Middleton, Inez's husband and lover, pursues the wagons. Ellen Wade, who lives with the Bush family against her will, is also pursued by her lover, the bee hunter, Paul Hover.

Leatherstocking seems to stand outside the action and lends a hand when necessary. When the Sioux, under their chief Mahtoree, attacked the party and stole their cattle, Leatherstocking guided Bush to a spot three miles away where he could stand against the Indians.

While they were encamped here, Middleton appeared and joined Leatherstocking. He proved to be the grandson of the trapper's old friend, Duncan Heyward.

The plot became complicated by the murder of Asa Bush and the trapper was immediately suspected. But while Bush was out with his family, Leatherstocking, Middleton, and Hover rescued Ellen and the captive Inez. This group went through many adventures; they were stampeded by buffalos; captured by Mahtoree's band from which they escaped; caught in a prairie

fire; and captured again by Mahortee and this time Ishmael's family were captives, too.

Hard-Heart, young chief of the Pawnees, was captured too, but he escaped. He returned with his warriors and the Sioux were defeated. Ishmael seized Leatherstocking's party and accused the trapper of the murder of Asa. The true murderer, Abiram, was discovered and Hard-Heart led Leatherstocking's party to the Pawnee village.

Hard-Heart is one of the most pleasing of Cooper's characters. He is clearly idealized for he shows absolute honesty and wisdom. He is the character which Cooper used to show that Leatherstocking was more at home with the Red Man than the white. Leatherstocking, as much as he disliked the Sioux, realized that they were the rightful owners of the land and he did not want to have an active part in the struggle between Bush and the Indians. His heart goes out to the young Pawnee, whose principles are as just as his. The Pawnee in turn reverences the age of Leatherstocking.

"Young warrior, I have never been father or brother. The Wahcondah made me to live alone. He never tied my heart to house or field, by the cords with which the men of my race are bound to their lodges; if he had, I should not have journeyed

so far, and seen so much. But I have tarried long among a people who lived in those woods you mention, and much reason did I find to imitate their courage and love their honesty. The Master of Life has made us all, Pawnee, with a feeling for our kind. I never was a father, but well do I know what is the love of one. You are like a lad I valued, and I had even begun to fancy that some of his blood might be in your veins. But what matters that? You are a true man, as I know by the way in which you keep your faith; and honesty is a gift too rare to be forgotten. My heart yearns to you, boy, and gladly would I do you good."

"The youthful warrior listened to the words which came from the lips of the other with a force and simplicity that established their truth, and he bowed his head on his naked bosom, in testimony of the respect with which he met the proffer."¹

Cooper's style in the Leatherstocking Tales is rather commonplace and careless. The narrative lags because it is too lumbering and involved. When the action, however, enters into the woods, then his style is elevated for the occasion; then it is suitable and adequate. His descriptions of nature

1 James F. Cooper--The Prairies

excell. "Where he feels at home with his subject, the style responds without apparent effort to a natural impulse. On the other hand, when he tries to produce an effect with thankless or uncongenial material, the style is inert."¹

S. M. Shaw in his History of Cooperstown summed up Cooper's treatment of the Indians in an excellent manner. "When the Indian shall live only in history, romance, and tradition; when the last hunter shall have disappeared from the last reservation; when the plow shall have broken up his last hunting ground, and the buffalo shall, like the mastodon, have become an extinct animal; the nature, habits and peculiarities of this race will be studied on the pages of Cooper. I do not say Cooper's Indians are not overdrawn and too highly colored; still, with all their exaggeration, his are the best pictures of the race which can be found."²"

Cooper did not give a one sided picture of the Indian. "If he gave special prominence to certain virtues, real or imaginary, of the Indian race, he was equally careful not to pass over their vices. Most of the warriors he introduces are depicted as crafty, blood thirsty, and merciless. But whether his representation be true or false, it has from that

1 W.B. Clymer--James F. Cooper in Beacon Biographers--58

2 S.M. Shaw--History of Cooperstown--197

time to this profoundly affected opinion. Throughout the whole civilized world the conception of the Indian character as Cooper drew it in the Leatherstocking Tales has taken permanent hold of the imaginations of men. Individuals may cast it off; but in the case of the great mass it stands undisturbed by doubt or unspoken by denial. This much can be said in its favor irrespective of the question of its accuracy. If Cooper has given to Indian conversation more poetry than it is thought to possess, or to Indian character more virtue, the addition has been a gain to literature, whatever it may have been to truth."¹

CHAPTER X

CONCLUSIONS

We have followed the trail of the Red Man from his first appearance in American literature to his highest position, that of the noble Red Man, in the works of James Fenimore Cooper, and have found that this trail fluctuated from the portrayal of the Indian as a noble savage. It is interesting to note further that this trail has been that of a circuit. John Smith's account of Pocahontas was a romantic legend, to be believed or not. It was a tale of a dusky maiden and her noble rescue of the worthy captain. Smith handed down this account to American literature and it exists today as a famed romantic tale of an Indian maiden.

The trail of the Indian in American literature led from this romantic legend, to records of Indian customs and life by both southern and northern historians. From that point it delved into horrible accounts of Indian warfare and vengeance, mainly historical accounts.

The path trailed then into the poetic works of Freneau, where a glimpse of the noble savage is seen. This poetic

strain is continued in the work of Sands and Eastman in Yamoyden, in Bryant, and even in Irving and Cooper. Between these noble strains are inserted the strains of the savage in the works of Brown and Paulding. The circuit is finally completed when the Indian again takes his place as a noble savage, a romantic figure, in the tale of Cooper.

It is interesting to note that it required the artistic temperament of the poets to see something in the savage other than his cruelty and vengeance. Freneau first set up this noble man, and gradually his position as a noble became more fixed as a result of Cooper's work. Both Irving and Cooper, who were not poets in the strict sense of the word, but who were endowed with a poetic temperament, saw in the Red Man a noble figure. The aborigines of our country were then, a fit subject for poetry; they were men who carried on deeds of heroic daring; they enjoyed scenes of domestic loveliness; they showed devotion and patriotism to their great race. The majestic scenery of their vast domains served as a fitting background for a poetic treatment of the noble Indian.

In every colony in this new land there existed a singular theme in different form of the struggle of the Indian to regain possession of his homelands and hunting grounds, from

which he had been driven. As long as the Red Man was dangerous to the invaders, there existed the deep hatred which accompanies race-menace. The first records of our Red Man are, therefore, of his horrible and destructive methods of warfare. When the Indian was no longer a direct menace to society, towards the end of the eighteenth century, he was looked upon in a different light. He began to be sentimentalized by the admirers of the natural man. Europeans, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, and others were really the first who evolved the idea of making Indians the subject of imaginative creation. They were far enough away to see him as the noble savage, a man of nature. The Indians were idealized in order to verify the doctrine of the innate goodness of human nature.

These European ideas of natural man in time influenced American writers. The very Americans who had hated the Red Man so bitterly now set him on a pedestal as a noble savage. "And the clash of races, the volcanic, ever-threatening proximity of conquerors and conquered, the inhuman relation between masters and slaves--all this was too gigantic to be absorbed by the eyes of a poet, too stupendous to be moulded by the imagination. Two hundred years and more had to elapse before the poets were capable of absorbing the nature around them and of grasping the countless problems arising from the

medley of races, temperaments, and creeds."¹

But it must be remembered that the American people diverted all their energies toward developing a country and not toward developing a literature. Yet in spite of this, we have a definite and notable collection of worthwhile literary contributions. Scattered here and there in our early literature are the accounts of Indians as we have seen. Our nation has no folk-lore and misty past that other nations have and some writers would even consider the country to be quite barren of background for imaginative works. The beginnings of America are clear cut and definite, the only pre-historic inhabitants being the Aborigines; thus the beginnings of American literature are clear cut and definite, the main theme dealing with the Aborigines. Some scholars feel that attempts made to picture the Red Man in a romantic light are failures.

Personally, I feel that American writers have done justly by the Red Man. Smith left us with a romantic tale of Pocahontas that is known by all; historians have contributed accounts of Indian warfare; Freneau poetized the nobler qualities of the Indian; Brown portrayed the Indians as cruel figures, which added to the element of horror in his story, Edgar Huntly; Sands and Eastman in their poetry treat of the

ideal Red Man, who had been unjustly dealt with by the white man; Paulding pictured the horrible cruelties of Indian vengeance for wrong done to them; and Irving, Bryant, and especially Cooper have all idealized the Indian, emphasizing the more romantic traits.

From a study of all these writers, the Indian is revealed as he was known to the pioneer settlers of America, when the Red Man still lived on the borders of civilization, and his customs and habits were familiar; he is a romantic figure of the distant past who will continue to serve as an inspiration to authors of all ages.

ABSTRACT

The Indian as he appears in American Literature from the romantic account of Pocahontas by John Smith to the romantic tales of James Fenimore Cooper has appeared in the roles of a noble Red Man and a cruel savage.

John Smith's account is a romantic legend, a tale, whether it be true or not, which emphasized the rescue of a famed white Captain by a dusky maiden, an honest and noble creature of the great race that once ruled the vast stretches of America. This tale has existed throughout generations and has become the thread upon which many tales of Indian-lore have been based. It will always be valuable as one of the first accounts in American literature.

With this romantic tale as a beginning, American literary contributions continued, picturing the Indian, the rightful owners of the land, unsuccessfully combating forces which gradually drove him away from all that once was his. His inherent desire of vengeance leads him into horrible warfare which is carried on in most of the colonies but especially in New England. Here the colonists conception of the Indian is that he is the child of Satan, the sooner extinguished the better. This feeling led to the Indian wars which spread

through all the colonies. Perhaps the most outstanding were the Pequot War and King Philip's War. Accounts of these bloody struggles were left to us by a historian of the time, Increase Mather, and by people like John Mason and Mary Rowlandson who themselves underwent horrible experiences. Thus our earliest pages of American literature are filled with records of bloody doings.

To look beyond the blood and disaster and see the Indian in a more noble light required a sympathetic soul. The pioneer figure in sentimentalizing the Indian for poetical purposes was Philip Freneau, whose few poems of the Aborigines stand out as his best work.

The credit of being the first to utilize the Indian in fiction goes to Charles Brockden Brown in his novel Edgar Huntly. Again the Red Man is portrayed as the savage that the colonists knew--rude, uncouth, cruel, and far from generous. Brown used the Indian merely to bring an element of horror into his story. His treatment of the Indian was probably due to his own melancholy temperament and his gruesome fancies.

The poetic strain crops forth again in Yamoyden, the work of Robert Sands and James Eastman. The poem is rich with its historical knowledge of Indian history and tradition and served as an inspiration to later writers influencing them to

use American history as a basis for future American literature.

With Koningsmarke by James K. Paulding, the Indian is again represented as a savage who has been unjustly treated by the white man. Paulding stresses their desire for vengeance and the cruelties the savages inflicted on captive whites. He believes that the degradation of the Indian is due to their craving of spirituous liquors, the taste of which was introduced to them by the white man. The situation is pathetic for the noble Indian has been displaced and only a pitiful remnant of a once powerful nation is left. Paulding's attitude is somewhat pessimistic as he claims that the Indians were destroyed by civilization.

Washington Irving endowed with a poetic temperament begins the movement of exalting the Indian noble in fiction. His representations of the Indian are unbiased and present his faults as well as his virtues, for Irving desired primarily to make the world visualize the Red Man as a human being capable of all human qualities and characteristics.

William Cullen Bryant continues in this strain and sets the Indian up as a noble creature in his poetry. An out-door creature, with the vast beauties of nature as a background, the Indian to him symbolized romance and in this vein he describes him.

To see the Indian in all his majesty and treachery, it is to James Fenimore Cooper that we must turn. His purpose was to produce a faithful representation of the Indian. His treatment of the Indian, however, has brought much criticism for it is claimed his creations are unreal and only creatures of romance. But Cooper asserted that fate had made the Indian a romantic figure. His accounts resulted from his own deep passion for the wilderness; his own romantic dream of the golden age and primitive life; and his poetic nature. To him it was poetic justice that those red savages who had been treated unjustly should be honored with a chivalrous reputation.

His characterization of the Indians was not formed hastily but by a thorough investigation of all material available that would throw any light on the Red Man. And thus Cooper became a story-teller of American woods and waters. He was consistently American, creating his literature out of American materials.

The Leatherstocking Tales are considered Cooper's great works of frontier life and it is in these that his Indian stands out so nobly. Cooper himself states in the preface to these Tales that it's the privilege of all writers of fiction, and especially of romance, to present the beau-ideal of their

characters to the readers.

The trail of the American Indian in our literature has completed a circuit commencing with Smith's romantic account and gradually working up to the point where the Indian reigns as a noble, romantic figure in the works of Cooper. Those authors who dealt with the noble qualities of the Indian were either poets or endowed with a strong poetic temperament. Those who dealt with the Indian as a savage were the historians and realistic fiction writers who were depicting the Indian as he existed on the frontiers of the colony. These savage accounts resulted from realistic experience with savages. As the Red Man ceased to be a direct menace to the people, he was then looked on in a more favorable light.

So the Red Man has stalked across the pages of our early American literature exactly as he stalked along the trails of early American life. He moved slowly backward to the distant horizon but his head remained erect, his eyes revealing little of the sorrow he felt for his too immense losses. He was, he still is, and he will continue to be a real American worthy in every sense of the name.

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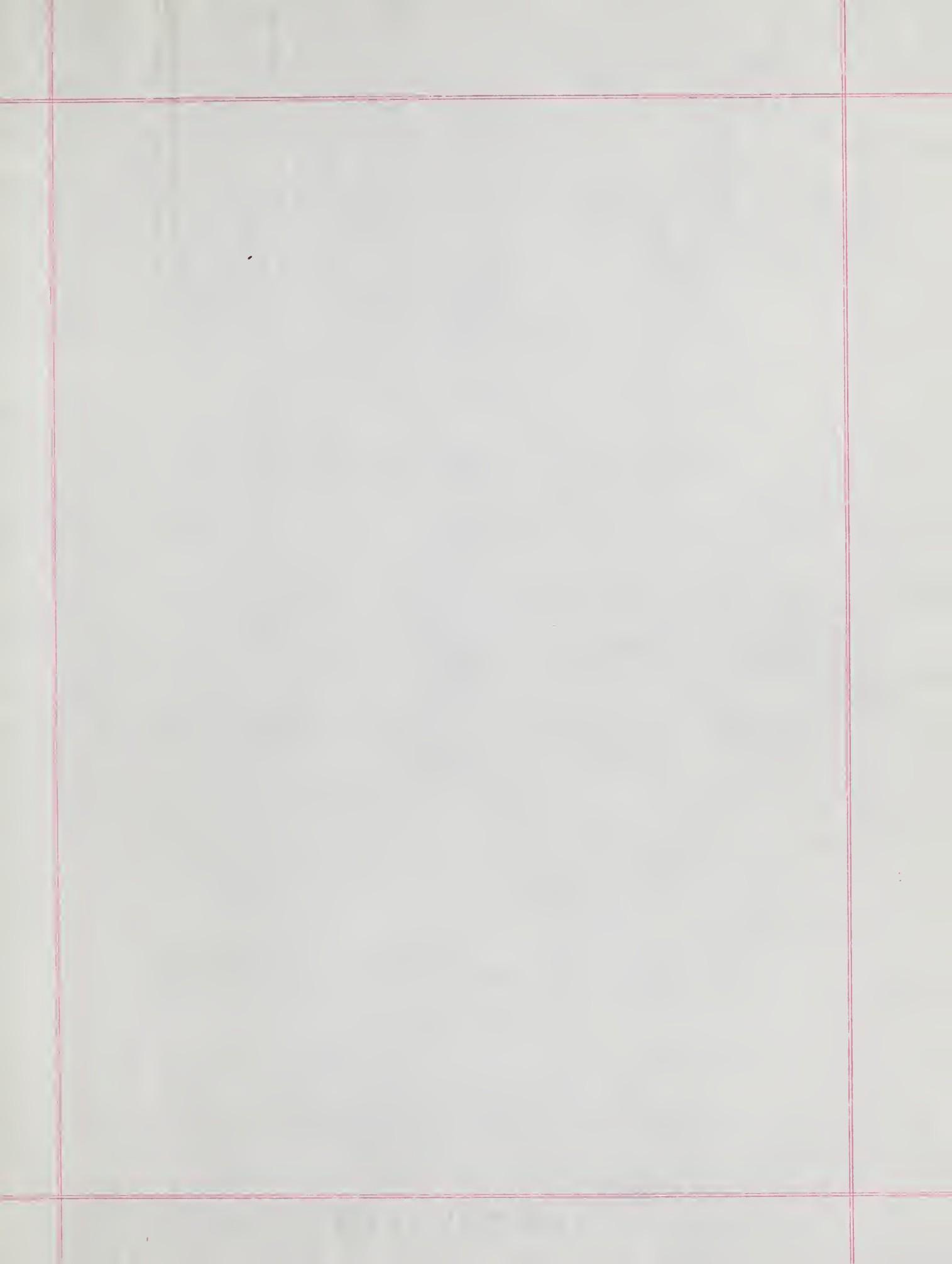
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